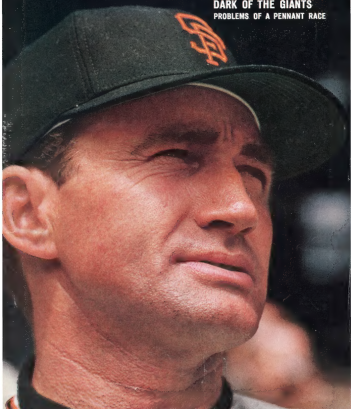


Sports Illustrated

JULY 5, 1984

30 CENTS

DARK OF THE GIANTS
PROBLEMS OF A PENNANT RACE



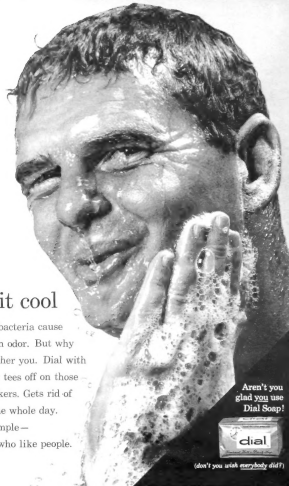


my kind of whisky

the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon

always smoother because it's slow-distilled

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 40 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY



Play it cool

Sure, skin bacteria cause perspiration odor. But why let that bother you. Dial with AT-7 really tees off on those trouble-makers. Gets rid of them for the whole day. It's that simple—for people who like people.


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Dial Soap?



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She's a swinger!

 She's hotter, handsomer, longer, lower... she's miles ahead of everything in her class.

Take her out.

You'll hit 50 in 12 brief seconds.
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You get a lot of car for \$2199*.

If you go for swingers,
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Triumph Spitfire!

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Next week

THE GAME OF TENNIS has universal appeal. Wimbledon, first of the year's major outdoor championships, launches a summer of tournament coverage that will not end until the Davis Cup Challenge Round in Cleveland in late September. But let us forget that tennis is, first of all, a sport for the participant even more than the spectator. It has prepared an issue within an issue. Surrounded by the work's news—the Olympic track trials, the Macho-Person fight, Boldman's rush for an American League pennant—is our salute to tennis: the game, its players, its events, techniques, history and legends, aimed not at the world's best players but at you.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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The first chapter story Associate Editor Dan Jenkins wrote for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was an investigation of the mystique of putting and of the torment that golfers endure while trying to roll a ball into a hole that never seems quite large enough. That story won a Golf Writers Association award for Jenkins, who was glad, he said, to win something out of golf. As captain of the Texas Christian University golf team Jenkins played against, but never defeated, each of his contemporaries as Billy Maxwell, Joe Conrad, Ben January and Wes Ellis Jr., and he has also played in friendly games with Arnold Palmer, Byron Nelson, Sam Snead and Ben Hogan—without beating any of them.

Still, Jenkins does have a golf game that most of us could envy (believe it or not). He was twice champion of The Golf Writers Association of America and played on a team representing that group in Scotland and Ireland. "But the toughest tournament I ever played in," he said, "was the Texas State Amateur."

1952. I had to shoot two under par to beat the Mexican Amateur champ I up. And we were in the third flight."

Like most golfers, Jenkins is fascinated with the subject of putting. A happy result of this preoccupation is a story, beginning on page 56, about the man who may be the greatest putter of them all: George Low, teacher, *Iron Horse*, racehorse, pal of celebrities and outstanding free-loader. Low gives putting tips to Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, and Low also gave some to Jenkins, who shares them with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers.

Golf is far from being the only game Jenkins writes about. He has flown upside-down over cotton fields in an old P-51 fighter plane for a story on the Confederate Air Force. He follows some wild Texans on a crazy, four-game football weekend last fall and loved to tell the tale. He spends his weeks skiing in the Alps last winter with the U.S. Olympic team. "Billy Marolt had a new pair of buckle boots that were too tight," Jenkins says, "so I broke them in for him by falling down a lot." Jenkins has also written on such diverse topics as the Wally Butts-Bear Bryant case, the arctic charm of the old Ben Ar Hotel in Augusta, Ga. and the possibility of an American Football League team beating a National Football League team if ever the two should meet. In collaboration with College Football Editor Andrew Crichton, Jenkins selected the University of Texas to win the national championship last season—a long shot that came in with lengths to spare.

Two weeks hence, Jenkins writes about a different kind of football—game played among gauding oil wells, armed Bedouins and beautiful girls, and presided over by a mad king. The star of the game is a halfback named Shirley MacLaine. Shirley who? Right—be here for the kick-off and you'll see.



资料来源:根据《中国统计年鉴》、《中国固定资产投资统计年鉴》、《中国人口统计年鉴》、《中国农村统计年鉴》、《中国城市统计年鉴》、《中国工业统计年鉴》、《中国商业统计年鉴》、《中国交通统计年鉴》、《中国金融统计年鉴》、《中国财政统计年鉴》、《中国教育统计年鉴》、《中国卫生统计年鉴》、《中国体育统计年鉴》、《中国文化统计年鉴》、《中国旅游统计年鉴》、《中国环境统计年鉴》、《中国能源统计年鉴》、《中国材料统计年鉴》、《中国机械统计年鉴》、《中国化工统计年鉴》、《中国医药统计年鉴》、《中国食品统计年鉴》、《中国轻工统计年鉴》、《中国纺织统计年鉴》、《中国烟草统计年鉴》、《中国冶金统计年鉴》、《中国钢铁统计年鉴》、《中国有色金属统计年鉴》、《中国石化统计年鉴》、《中国煤炭统计年鉴》、《中国电力统计年鉴》、《中国水利统计年鉴》、《中国农业统计年鉴》、《中国林业统计年鉴》、《中国渔业统计年鉴》、《中国畜牧业统计年鉴》、《中国房地产业统计年鉴》、《中国建筑业统计年鉴》、《中国交通运输统计年鉴》、《中国邮电统计年鉴》、《中国广播统计年鉴》、《中国电视统计年鉴》、《中国电影统计年鉴》、《中国出版统计年鉴》、《中国新闻统计年鉴》、《中国广告统计年鉴》、《中国会展统计年鉴》、《中国旅游统计年鉴》、《中国文化统计年鉴》、《中国体育统计年鉴》、《中国卫生统计年鉴》、《中国教育统计年鉴》、《中国财政统计年鉴》、《中国金融统计年鉴》、《中国交通统计年鉴》、《中国工业统计年鉴》、《中国商业统计年鉴》、《中国城市统计年鉴》、《中国农村统计年鉴》、《中国人口统计年鉴》、《中国统计年鉴》。

Avis is No.1 in Poughkeepsie. And already we've had a few complaints.



The light that failed.

Not long ago, our man in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., phoned us. "We're top dog," he said. He sounded cocky. Since then, we've watched Jack Newman closely.

He's already let through one dud signal light. Maybe he'll graduate to empty gas tanks.

But success hasn't done him much harm—yet.

His service is still snappy and the Fords he rents are as new as they come. (Like Avis people who are only No. 2, he doesn't run his cars past 20,000 miles.)

A few more complaints from you Poughkeepsie people, though, and we may have to put in someone a little less complacent.

So watch it, Jack.

WINS 41ST CONSECUTIVE TIME AT INDIANAPOLIS



Firestone

THE GREATEST TIRE



A. J. FOYT

1964 winner at 140.250 mph, shown here leading the pack, says: "Firestone tires did a tremendous job. I went all the way without a tire change."

First time in history...winner goes full 500 miles—

Now, the same Sup-R-Tuf rubber in durable Firestone race tires is in Firestone tires for your car.

This year, tires made history at the Indianapolis 500—history that has an important bearing on your kind of driving.

For the first time, the Indianapolis winner went the entire 500-mile distance without a tire change. And set a new record—147.350 mph! Not only that, every car that finished was on Firestone tires, and not one of them changed a tire! Despite the record

speed, there were plenty of racing miles left in the tires, even on the winning car. Experts agreed: it was the most remarkable display of tire stamina and speed in the annals of racing history.

The story began earlier this year at the Indianapolis preliminary tests. There, Firestone tires established such clear-cut superiority that many race drivers who were considering other makes of tires quickly switched over to Firestones. Out of the 33 entries, 29 qualified and raced on Firestones. The final results proved the wisdom of their choice.

From this leadership in building tires for elite cars has come Firestone's unequaled experience in building tires for your car—tires that are safer, stronger and last much longer...like the all-new Nylon "500".

The same Sup-R-Tuf rubber and Super-Weld body construction, for example, that enabled Firestone race tires to go all the way at the Indianapolis "500" are now yours in Firestone tires for your car.

Get the tires that are Speedway-proved for your turnpike safety. From Firestone—for fifty-five years the greatest tire name in racing.

stone

NAME IN RACING



no tire change, sets new speed record

MORE RACES HAVE BEEN WON ON FIRESTONES THAN ANY OTHER TIRES. For 55 years the Firestone name has been synonymous with racing research. Now, as in the past, more race drivers use—and win with—Firestones than any other tires. The track record speaks for itself:

INDIANAPOLIS 500 Firestone 41—Others 3
DARLINGTON Firestone 33—Others 1
SOUTHERN 500 Firestone 14—Others 1
TRENTON SPEEDWAY Firestone 14—Others 1
DAYTONA Firestone 16—Others 1

PIES PEAK Firestone 40—Others 4
MILWAUKEE 300 Firestone 35—Others 2
PHOENIX 100-MILE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP Firestone 14—Others 1
RIVERSIDE Firestone 2—Others 1
AUGUSTA 510 Firestone 1—Others 0
REBEL 300 Firestone 5—Others 2
ATLANTA 500 Firestone 4—Others 1
DIXIE 400 Firestone 4—Others 1
CHARLOTTE MOTOR SPEEDWAY Firestone 3—Others 4
YANKEE 300 Firestone 2—Others 0



*1982-84, 1986-87, 1989-1990, 1991-1992, 1993-1994, 1995-1996, 1997-1998, 1999-2000, 2001-2002, 2003-2004, 2005-2006, 2007-2008, 2009-2010, 2011-2012, 2013-2014, 2015-2016, 2017-2018, 2019-2020, 2021-2022, 2023-2024, 2025-2026, 2027-2028, 2029-2030, 2031-2032, 2033-2034, 2035-2036, 2037-2038, 2039-2040, 2041-2042, 2043-2044, 2045-2046, 2047-2048, 2049-2050, 2051-2052, 2053-2054, 2055-2056, 2057-2058, 2059-2060, 2061-2062, 2063-2064, 2065-2066, 2067-2068, 2069-2070, 2071-2072, 2073-2074, 2075-2076, 2077-2078, 2079-2080, 2081-2082, 2083-2084, 2085-2086, 2087-2088, 2089-2090, 2091-2092, 2093-2094, 2095-2096, 2097-2098, 2099-2100, 2101-2102, 2103-2104, 2105-2106, 2107-2108, 2109-2110, 2111-2112, 2113-2114, 2115-2116, 2117-2118, 2119-2120, 2121-2122, 2123-2124, 2125-2126, 2127-2128, 2129-2130, 2131-2132, 2133-2134, 2135-2136, 2137-2138, 2139-2140, 2141-2142, 2143-2144, 2145-2146, 2147-2148, 2149-2150, 2151-2152, 2153-2154, 2155-2156, 2157-2158, 2159-2160, 2161-2162, 2163-2164, 2165-2166, 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SCORECARD

MAN OVER MACHINE

One of those electronic computers that tries to decide a political race five seconds after the polls close was let loose in Buffalo last week. The occasion: the All-America football bowl game between the East, led by Quarterback George Mira of Miami, and the West, quarterbacked by Don Trull of Baylor.

The coaches involved in the game fed a Burroughs 283 computer seeds of analytical information, and when the machine had digested all this it burped back the word that Don Trull and the West would beat Mira and the East, 25-24.

For the first half, the computer looked as knowing as the neighborhood bookmaker. The West led, 3-0. Mira, who will play for the San Francisco 49ers this fall, started so slowly that at one point he was replaced by Gary Wood of Cornell, marking the first time an All-America ever got relieved by an Ivy Leaguer. But then, in the second half, Mira came to life. The first three times he got possession of the ball, the East scored. First he passed for 11 yards for a touchdown, then he ran a wild 31 yards to set up another touchdown after being trapped behind the line, and finally he passed 36 yards to set up still another touchdown. The East won, 18-15. All told, Mira had 21 completions for 306 yards, won the game's Most Valuable Player award and cracked with an electricity that the computer surely could have used.

EXIT CHAMP, ENTER CONTENDER

Considering that ex-World Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer has not fought since Dick Tiger pulverized him last August in Nigeria, has not trained seriously in 10 months, has talked wistfully of retiring for at least two years and has all his marbles and plenty of money in the bank, it was hardly surprising last week when Fullmer officially announced he was quitting the ring. "I have had it," said Gene. "I am hanging them up." But that was not all.

Fullmer's manager, Mary Jensen, had drawn a whopping harvest of newsmen

to the free-lunch press conference at a Salt Lake City hotel. After Fullmer spoke, Jensen stood and announced that he, too, was retiring from the fight game. Jensen, a member of the Salt Lake County Commission, is in the midst of a hard campaign for a second term. By retiring, Jensen wished to assure the press and the voters that he could not be accused (as he had been in the past) of being more concerned with boxing than with county business.

"I don't get it," said a cub sports reporter. "Fullmer was knocked out almost a whole year ago. Why all the big announcements now?" A political reporter replied: "I get it."

THE NEGRO AND BASEBALL

A new book is out that merits the attention of anyone interested in the impact of sports upon American life. It is *Baseball Has Done It* (Lippincott, \$2.95), written by Jackie Robinson and edited by Charles Dexter. The theme of the book, of course, is that baseball has proved that integrated Americans can live and work together peacefully. As Roy Campanella says, "If life in general was a baseball game in the National or American League, this country wouldn't have these problems today."

This does not mean that the book is sweetness and light. It is, by turns, from the heart and from the gut—and almost always compelling. Once or twice Robinson, who along with other players recounts his baseball experiences as a Negro, sees malice where there was none, and he chides Willie Mays and Maury Wills for declining to contribute to the book. ("Willie didn't exactly refuse to speak," writes Robinson. "He said he didn't know what to say. Maury Wills flatly said, 'I don't want to be involved in a controversy.'") The stories by the players are fascinating. Vic Power tells of the troubles of being married to a light-skinned Puerto Rican in Kansas City; Bill White recalls being the only Negro playing for Danville, Va.; Henry Aaron complains of being labeled a dawg. (As a matter of fact, he reads James Baldwin.)

The most eloquent of all is Bill Bruton, who tells of encountering prejudice and overcoming it and who ends his story by saying, "Baseball is a curious anomaly in American life. It seems to have been ingrained in people in their childhood. It has done wonders for me, made me someone instead of no one. It has given me many, many good friends, my home, my good neighbors and almost anything a man can ask for. Baseball is, after all, a boys' game, and children are innocent of evil. So even adults who are prejudiced revert to their childhood when they encounter a baseball player and they react with the purity of little children. Now we players must go on and purify all of American life by spreading baseball's message of tolerance."

FISHY ISSUE

In 117 years the U.S. government has issued more than 1,500 different postage stamps, and only a handful have honored sports. Baseball has had a stamp, and so have the Pan American Games, the Olympic Games and, oddly enough, the American Turners. Now fishermen, or, to be precise, the American Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association, are pushing for a stamp to honor their sport. The AFTMA has submitted two designs by Artist Robert Hegeman, and the chances are good that one will be accepted. One bears the slogan "Number One Outdoor Sport," which might



poose contentious swimmers or boaters; the other stamp extolls fishing for health, "Physical—Mental—Moral."

We do not care which design Postmaster John Gronowski, a casual fisherman, decides to issue. We just hope he issues one of them. If a faster develops, it probably will be a squabble among fishermen themselves. For one, both the stamps portray a largemouth bass, and this may send trout fishermen into a snit. For another, and this is a quibble, both bass seem to be gut-hooked—which indicates that the fishermen shown are

continued



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Illustration by Howard Chandler Christy, Jr. for Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

Is it cricket to hoard new **Schweppes Bitter Lemon?**

(No—but it's smart. Last year Schweppes almost ran out of the stuff.)



You are looking on a practical girl. Last year, during the Bitter Lemon drought, even Commander Whitehead could spare her only a six-pack.

Therefore she isn't taking chances. As you can see above, she's hoarding one of Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

Bitter Lemon is the newest triumph of the House of Schweppes. It was an immediate sensation in England. In America, commentators are drinking it as if there were no tomorrow.

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Schweppes Bitter Lemon is also

the first solely soft drink. It has a tart, lemony taste. So sophisticated that it's the only soft drink children don't like. All the more for you.

The extraordinary demand for Schweppes Bitter Lemon goes on and on. So rush to your store now!

Caution: To get the real thing—make sure the label on every bottle reads "Schweppes Bitter Lemon."





"Racing cars are not bobsleds. Keeping them cool in the mountains is a problem." DAN GURNEY



If you've ever done mountain driving, you know what Grand Prix driver Dan Gurney means. Even if you haven't, you passed a few "steamers" on your way to the summit.

A racing driver is out of business with a boiling "heat exchanger" (most people call it a radiator). In a race car, it's usually made of aluminum. For good reasons. Light weight. Rapid heat dissipation. Rugged structure with brazed aluminum joints.

What's good for racing cars is good for passenger cars. Every year more radiators are built of light, strong, corrosion-resistant Alcoa® Aluminum. Even evaporators and condensers for car air conditioners (they're heat exchangers, too) are aluminum . . . over a million were produced last year. In fact, the amount of aluminum per American car has doubled in 10 years . . . Alcoa Aluminum in engines, brakes, trim, transmission housings and other vital parts. Ask any dealer to point out the aluminum in his cars. They're better cars for it.



ALCOA

mong live bait and the A.I.M.A. is not going to sell any artificial baits that way. Worst of all, both fishermen have too much slack in their lines, and the bars are almost sure to get away because staff fishermen can tell you, but never promote mental health.

THAT'S TELLING HIM

During a recent blackboard session for the Denver Broncos football coaches, George Dickson, head coach of basketball coach, wrote the word KISS in large black letters where an intricate mathematics problem was to be drawn. Head Coach Jack Faulkner and the rest of his aides looked wonderingly but said nothing. Finally Faulkner asked Dickson what it meant. Looking straight at his boss, Dickson replied, "Keep It Simple, Stupid."

HERE COMES AYES

There are as many flaky horses in humans, but the truly interesting ones in both categories are those with talent that filters through the flakiness. One of these is a 3-year-old trotting colt named Ayres. Last fall Ayres trotted the fastest mile by a 2-year-old on a half-mile track in the sport's history. An hour later, Ayres, through the second heat of the same race, he indicated to his driver, Johnny Simpson, that one heat was enough for him, and had to be brought to finish. An hour after that, in the middle of the third heat, Ayres apparently decided to show Simpson that he really was fed up with this foolishness; when he got to the paddock standgate he mottled right off the track and back to the barn, despite Simpson's best efforts to change his mind.

All winter Simpson surrounded Ayres with other horses to keep the colt from trying any tricks, and last Friday the month-old patient work seemed to have paid off. Ayres met Speedy Court, his chief rival for Hamiltonian honors this year, and beat the 6-year-old steeplechaser. Simpson handled Ayres gingerly; he took him away back at the start, kept him free of traffic and sent him all the way on the outside to overtake the court, or the last half mile without touching him with the whip. Now Ayres should be the Hamiltonian favorite in September.

This early preview of the big event was staged at Del Miller's track in Washington, D.C., the world's first with the synthetic surface developed by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing

(continued)



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SCORECARD

Company: ctd. July 8, 1984. It has locked up its premise as a safe, all-weather, form-sustaining track, but far more important is what it has done for the ordinary well-being of the horse. On other tracks, trotting or Thoroughbred—bone fractures occur by the dozen every year, and scores of horses literally break down. But through a full season of training and winter training on Miller's synthetic surface, not a single horse has suffered a broken bone of any kind.

NIGHTIER THAN THE BULLDOZER

The challenge came in an open letter in *The Washington Post*. It was addressed to Interior Secretary Siemsen L. Udall, offering combat on the Ram Mountain Park golf course, a wonderfully gentle, much-loved land that Udall had decreed to make way for a parking lot. "I want him to see it from a player's standpoint and not just as something on a planning table," the letter said. The man behind the golf course, self-named Political Cartoonist Herblock, stirred to a superb editorial anger and ready to represent those who would rather fight than switch.

The charm of Foxglove is that it is easy to get to and easier to play; it is inexpensive and clean for the heart of capital dollars. When Udall protested, "I'd like to play with him, not for the golf, but for the conversation," the Herblock gallery showed up with placards—the course placards run round the clubhouse. Herblock showed his fist, too, when Udall let a construction truck on the second. Herblock gave him a mulligan and when Udall keed up again the truckers ran for cover. Finally, Udall won the maker 36-51. But Herblock won the duel.

"Herb," said Udall at a post-game press conference, "you're wise and right and we were so wrong. We're going to save this course. Trees and green space are becoming more dear—and we're going to figure ways to make it better." Replied Herblock: "Udall is a great public servant."

It went on like that, pressing what many knew all along, the pee and putter are rougher than the bulldozer. A young exchange student from San Salvador had watched the episode. After the match he quickly approached Udall and said: "I just want you to know that I learned more about America today than in all the time I've been here. You are an im-

portant man in the government, and so, you admitted in public that you were wrong."

NO FAST BREAK IN TOKYO

Hank Iba, the coach of the U.S. Olympic basketball team, is so worried about his chances in Tokyo that last week he traveled from Oklahoma to Miami to confer with Assistant Coach Henry Vaughn. Iba and Vaughn spent a day and the better part of two nights devising ways to avoid becoming the first losing American basketball coaches. Both agree the could happen. Vaughn, who just completed a tour behind the Iron Curtain, says the Soviets, Yugoslavs and Russians are stronger than ever. "We will break it—we get the chance," says Iba, for Vaughn cautions, "We won't get much of a chance, especially against the Russians. They have learned to control our break by jamming the offensive boards, knocking out the middlemen and stealing and getting defenders back rapidly. We won't do it with great talent and the fast break. This time we have good talent," says Iba. "Defense has better pick-up desire and defense in their three weeks of training at Pearl Harbor." Good place to do both.

WORRIED FOR THE RAT PACK

One of the world's shoddiest health-consciousness and its effects on the human body. Dr. Hans Selye, has been conducting experiments with a team of "athlete rats" and has come to some conclusions without lectures and exercise. Summed up, they say, "Start exercising at age 15 at the latest. Keep at it for the rest of your life."

The athlete rats, issued to exercise, later revised all attempts to induce heart failure in them when subjected to stress, which killed off sedentary rats. Exercise protects even against emotional stress. Dr. Selye maintains.

He practices what he prescribes, too. The 51-year-old researcher puts in 30 minutes daily at a bicycle machine.

THEY SAID IT

• Gabe Paul, Cleveland Indians' president, on Houston's domed stadium, "It will revolutionize baseball; it will open a new area of alphas for the players."

• Ray Grant, former southern tennis champion: "One day, one of these 15-foot guys is going to take up tennis instead of basketball and he'll run everybody else off the court. Think of the advantage he'll have just on the serve and on the net."

END



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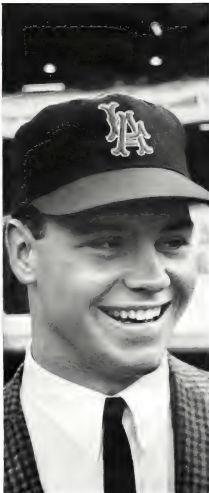
ERWIN MILLS

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At 21, Rick Reichardt is the Angel with the mostest. Just for his signature on a contract he received more money from Los Angeles than many players earn in their major league careers. But he hits a long ball, runs the bases fast and well and he may be worth every cent of it

by EDWIN SHRAKE

THE RICHEST BONUS BABY EVER



Bob Reynolds, president and one of the principal owners of the Los Angeles Angels, was at dinner in Brentwood, Calif., last Tuesday evening when he received a telephone call from a Mr. Frederick C. Reichardt in Stevens Point, Wis. "Mr. Reynolds," said Mr. Reichardt, "I'm ready to sign with the Angels." This ended the most relentless and expensive pursuit of talent in American sporting history as 21-year-old Rick Reichardt became the highest-priced home baby in baseball.

When Reichardt finally signed his contract with the Angels before press and TV cameras in the penthouse suite of Gene Autry's Hotel Continental on the Sunset Strip 24 hours later, that signature cost the Angels about \$200,000. It also incensed Reichardt. "I don't think any athlete is really worth all that money," he said. "But if they're going to pay it, then I'll take all I can get. I'd be foolish not to."

For most of his life, Rick Reichardt has been treated like a young Caesar. He has been adored, flattered, fawned upon and guarded since the first time he hit a baseball over the fence in a Little League game. But the attention and the pressures were never so great as in the past few weeks when Reichardt was wooed by 18 of the 20 major league teams. What Reichardt actually got from the Angels only the Internal Revenue Service has any hope of finding out for sure. But the deal almost certainly included a considerable cash bonus and a promise of future rewards even more dazzling than the \$175,000 package that the Pittsburgh Pirates are supposed to have paid Bob Bailey, a third baseman and former holder of the baseball bonus record. For anything less, Rick Reichardt probably would have decided to forget baseball for a while and return to the University of Wisconsin, where he has just finished his senior year and where he was to be pushed as an All-American football candidate this fall.

Ironically, it was as a football player that Reichardt enrolled at Wisconsin. And it was football that made Reichardt the wealthy young man he is today. "I just can't believe how lucky I am," he said. "The only reason I even went out for baseball was to get out of spring football practice. Now look at me."

Look at him exactly when the baseball scouts, club owners and general man-

agers did in increasing numbers the past two springs as Reichardt led the Big Ten in hitting, the first player ever to do so two years in a row. In his freshman season Reichardt, who had played baseball only briefly in high school and only sporadically in the Little League and Babe Ruth League, passed up baseball for spring football. There are very few players who truly enjoy spring football practice, and Reichardt is not the sort who keeps his dislikes a secret. In the spring of his sophomore year, Reichardt decided to play baseball instead of block and tackle. He hit .429 and intrigued baseball scouts to the point that he was offered more than \$100,000 to sign a professional contract last summer. He refused.

Last fall Reichardt was a regular on the Wisconsin football team for just the last five games, but he led the Big Ten in pass receiving with 26 catches for 383 yards. This spring Reichardt returned to baseball and hit .472 in the Big Ten, .443 in the full 20-game season. He also hit eight home runs and stole 20 bases, breaking a school record. The student W Club voted him University of Wisconsin athlete of the year and the baseball scouts, almost by acclamation, voted him the young man most likely to succeed. During one doubleheader in May, with so many scouts in the stands that they could have chosen up a couple of baseball teams and played each other, Reichardt's status and his price soared. In seven times at bat against Illinois, Rick hit three home runs to left, right and left center, hit two singles, barely missed a fourth homer and stole home. That, the scouts agreed, is class.

One of the moderate reservations about Reichardt's baseball ability is in the strength of his throwing arm. "It's not a good enough arm for a major league center fielder," said Stan Musial after watching Reichardt in behalf of the St. Louis Cardinals. "But it would be more than adequate for a left fielder."

Reichardt does not agree with Musial. "Potentially I have a major league center field arm," Reichardt said. "Most of the scouts don't realize that I worked out for baseball only once a week. The rest of the time I had labs in the afternoons [Rick is a premedical student at Wisconsin and a psychology major, which is a handy thing for dealing with baseball owners]. When you throw as little as I have thrown, your arm doesn't

get a chance to develop. I've really played very little baseball. What they're signing me for is my potential."

The potential is hardly in doubt. Rick is 6 feet 3, weighs 220 and has been timed in 3.3 seconds going to first base. That speed, according to his college baseball coach, Elmer Mansfield, makes him a natural for center field. With his level, powerful swing, Reichardt frequently does not have to hurry to first base at all. Power, in fact, is perhaps the most attractive quality Reichardt had for Gene Autry. Bob Reynolds and Fred Haney of the Angels, Ralph Brink and Mayo Smith of the Yankees, John Quinn of the Phillies, John McHale of the Braves and the dozens of other baseball executives who traveled to Madison, Wis., to watch him play.

But the attention was not all a pleasure for Reichardt. He was harried, bothered and pressed during the spring to the extent that his grades suffered and so, he fears, did his chances of being accepted in medical school. "If I sign a baseball contract," he said recently when he was still trying to make up his mind, "one reason will be so I can concentrate on school. I'll go to school one semester a year, and I won't have anything to worry about except my studies. There won't be all these distractions."

"I wouldn't have wanted to be Rick this spring," said Mark Rosenbloom, Wisconsin third baseman and a friend of Reichardt. "His life was not his own. He was always surrounded by people always had to be someplace doing something. At the Minnesota game a photographer made Rick stand on top of the Minnesota dugout while about 50 scouts lined up and posed with their tongues hanging out. The Minnesota fans booed and threw things. Rick was awful embarrassed. But if he didn't do it they would have said he was a leazy guy and a stack-up kid."

"I've been subjected to that kind of attention for years," Reichardt said. "I've learned to take it with a grain of salt."

Such attention, publicity and adulation has tainted the values of many young men and made them arrogant and unbearable. With Rick Reichardt the attention seemed to turn him in on himself and on his family. He has five younger sisters and three younger brothers and he is very close to them. At the

Continued

University of Wisconsin he left the dormitory after his freshman year and moved into his grandfather's house, where Rick had the entire second floor as his hermitage. Rick did not join a fraternity.

There was no romance in his life then, he said. "I'm not a very social person, and I don't think I would have been much good in a fraternity. The house I live in in Madison, it's just me and my gramps."

"When my first game resulted in me was a loser," said Wisconsin Football Coach Milt Bruhn. "Rick would never have a date. He missed his big family. He has a friend in Madison who has several kids, and Rick would go over and play with them. I think he has been coming out a little more lately, but Rick was a very contained guy, this spring. So many people were after him, and he didn't know what to do. He came to me and had a confidential talk for an hour. He wanted to know how we would feel if he signed a baseball contract. I told him he would have our blessings as long as he did whatever he thought was right. Naturally, we wanted him back for his senior year of football. He could use easily be in All-America. He has great hands, his moves are pretty like, and he'll make some hard hits and fight for the ball. But I wanted him to do whatever was right for him."

The decision was a difficult one for Reschardt. He felt that signing an obli-

gation toward the University of Wisconsin and toward his football teammates. The decision was agonizing, but Rick's father, Dr. Fritz Reschardt, was an orthopedic surgeon and the family has no financial problem. On a warm, bright afternoon last month, while debating with himself over what he would do, Rick learned the family bus and trailer he owned in the past family car and drove through Stevens Point, a quiet little town of 20,000, on the Wisconsin River. A mild breeze stirred the dark water in Reschardt's 20-foot runabout off the trailer and stirred the 50-hp motor. Rick took the wheel and cruised upriver, keeping carefully to the channel as he passed farmhouses, grain meadows and black tree stumpswamp land.

"If I go back to school," he said, thinking aloud. "They want to put me up for All-America, and I'd be so busy that I couldn't study. That's one thing. I've already played in the Rose Bowl [as a sophomore defensive halfback] and on a Big Ten championship team, to what other colleges? The only thing about being an All-American would be my own pride, to see if I could make it. Frankly, I wasn't very happy about last football season. I played right half, but I was a flanker most of the time. I only carried the ball about 20 times. I'm 6 feet 3 and 220, and was the fastest man on the team, and I love contact and love to run with the ball, and I have a great knack for

putting a kickoff in place. That's almost speed, you know. Some guys don't a knack for it. So I would want to run with the ball more."

"I spent a lot of time on the bench. When I was in the game, I did remarkably well. I'm not being modest when I say that. It's just a fact. In the Illinois game, I caught seven passes in the first half. In the second half they didn't throw the ball to me once, even though I was open constantly. I'd come back to the huddle and say, 'Well, we missed it again, huh?' The quarterback [Hal Brandt] and I arrived at Wisconsin at the same time and went to boarding schools in high school, and we were sort of jealous of each other, sort of rivals. But we played baseball together my senior year [Brandt was the Wisconsin first baseman] and now we're pals, and our relationship would be different if I played football this year."

Several pro football clubs have told me I'll be their number one draft choice [Reschardt], said Kansas City's Chief Scout Dan Klinevorn. "For the money you expect to see in a guy 5 feet 9 and 170. He could make it as a running back, flanker or end and [?], and there are parts of football I wouldn't trade for anything, especially the hitting. But I love to hit the baseball, too."

"I guess what I ought to do is sign a baseball contract if I can get what I want," Rick said as the speedboat plowed past a beach where several girls lolled in the sun. "I don't mean just a big money. The baseball rule is you have to take the bonus in one lump, and if I got \$200,000 I wouldn't really get but \$55,000. What I want is a longtime insured future, like a job. The Phillies have talked about helping me get into medical school at Temple. That would be important to me. It worries me what to do about the responsibility I feel toward helping the Wisconsin football team to win, but if I do play football again I'm risking an injury that could knock me out of baseball altogether."

After an hour on the river, Rick drove over to a little League ball park in Stevens Point and gave away 20 bats. The Chicago White Sox had given him. Then he returned to the Reschardt home, a two-story, beige frame house with a sun-deck on New Main Street. Dr. Reschardt's new white Cadillac was parked in a driveway. In the backyard a couple of the younger Reschardt children were



Worshiped by Rick: Milt Bruhn of Yaw-Bone. Rick made the Yankees his second choice.

playing baseball. The Reichards own north-an-acre-on-Sun-Marine-house. Beyond the house the family has built a baseball diamond, and it is not uncommon for the neighbors to see the Reichards family of nine children, plus father and mother having its own private game of scrub. Inside the house the phone was ringing, and the walls, of course, were lit. Rick, friends had heard he was back in town, and he arranged a gathering for that night. Rick put down the phone and looked at the family dog, a black Hungarian sheep dog named Bibber. One of the sisters said she wanted to put Bibber in a dog show. "No you won't," said Rick. "That's too stinkyish."

What Rick tells the younger Reichards is law. He told one sister she was too fat, and she lost 20 pounds in five weeks. He told another she could not be seen in a beer bar on the Wisconsin campus, and she was no longer seen there. When Mrs. Reichard announced that dinner—half a dozen chickens, a tub of salad, and what looked to be a couple of baskets of fruit and several gallons of milk—was ready, Rick grabbed one of the youngest brothers who was rushing toward the table. "Just a minute," Rick said. "Are your hands clean? Here, let me wash them. Get back in there and wash your hands. And from now on, pay more attention to brushing your teeth." A Broadway musical was playing on the stereo. There were Japanese-style paintings on one wall and an abstract color explosion on another, and the house was accordingly orderly to be the abode of nine children. Mrs. Reichard walked over to turn down the stereo. "Mother," Rick said, "not like that."

The Reichards are as accustomed as Rick to the notice he attracts. It has been constant since Rick broke Larry Hirsch's Wisconsin high school scoring record in football. During one game, according to Gene Calhoun, a Big Ten official and Madison attorney who acted as Rick's adviser as he did for Pat Richter, Ron VanderKelen, Ron Miller, Paul Warfield and many other Big Ten athletes. Rick had scored 27 points before leaving with an injury in the fourth quarter. The other team made a touchdown and went ahead. Rick returned to the game, and the quarterback asked what the play was to be. "The play," Rick said, "was to grip the ball and get out of the way." He ran 40 yards

for a touchdown that won the game.

Rick's personal dilemma over whether to collect a baseball home, or try to become a football All-America caught Dr. Reichard with tangled emotions. Dr. Reichard, 45, is an ardent Wisconsin football fan. But Dr. Reichard is also an inveterate baseball fan (the youngest Reichard son, John, is named for Milwaukee Third Baseman Eddie Mathews) and a parent who wants to see his son prosper and do well.

"It's hard for it makes sense to play baseball rather than football," said Dr. Reichard, who served as team physician for the Green Bay Packers for the second years they trained in Stevens Point. "In baseball you have more longevity and ward upstrokes more money. Rick is a boy with a lot of nervous energy. Football is better for him because it has frustration and violence and there's not all that standing around that you do in baseball. But I know Rick can bear up under the long, full season of work in baseball. I remember at the state high school track meet, Rick was the only entry from his school. He was up all night before the meet. He must have run five miles warming up. Then he was in the trials of the 100 and 200, and in the trials of both those events. He ran the 100 in 10 flat. And he broad jumped. When he got home that night, he was tired. That's the kind of work he needs. He's restless."

"It's funny," said Dr. Reichard. "You grow up like I did, thinking about baseball, about the heroes of the game, how the game is a reflection of American ideals. Then you get into it and you see all the angles. Baseball is a business just like other businesses, and you have to play the angles. You take advantage of the angles, or the angles will take advantage of you."

An angle that the Angels took advantage of was selling Rick on the clean life. Gene Aulis, visiting in Madison, made a point of letting Rick know that he does not drink or smoke and that he also enjoys family gatherings, enjoys having players bring their wives and children to his house for dinner, for a family-oriented person like Rick, that was impressive. Aulis and Bob Reynolds told Rick about their various corporations and what a future Rick could have if he finished with a business administration degree from the University of Southern California. That was also impressive, and Rick was inclined toward the Angels from the beginning.

The Cardinals sent a delegation to Madison for dinner with Rick. Dr. Reichard and Gene Calhoun at a restaurant called the Hoffman House. The delegation included Vice-President Stan Musial, General Manager Bing Devine, Business Manager Art Rosenzweig, Director of Scouts George Shiley and Scout Joe Mauer. The angles were 11 the



Ronald Reagan, a USC Co. Officer, seen with Rick, will lead by Dr. Joseph a credit of 1960 being

attractiveness of having Merv as a hitting coach (Merv lectured during dinner on how to hit junk pitchers like Stu Miller), 2) the opportunity of breaking into the weak Cardinal outfield at once and 3) the monetary rewards of being a Cardinal. "Good gosh," Rick said, somewhat stunned after an hour and a half of secret financial discussion. "I'm glad a lawyer was there."

Early in June before the decision was made, Rick and Dr. Reichardt left on a scouting trip of their own to examine the angles. They met the Cardinals in Madison, and they went to Chicago for talks with the White Sox. The White Sox put the Reichards into a front-row box next to Singer Jay P. Morgan, and they made sure that Rick was introduced to Outfielder Dave Nicholson, a \$100,000 bonus baby himself six years ago. Nicholson shook hands abruptly and then smushed a home run into the upper deck at White Sox Park, a clever piece of oneupmanship. As the exploding scoreboard fired its rockets and sounded its sirens and pieces of burnt paper floated down into the boxes, along with the smell of coffee, Rick said, "He got his pitch!" The rest of the doubleheader against Detroit, Nicholson did not get his pitch and struck out three times.

From Chicago the Reichards, who paid their own expenses during their trip, flew to Boston. Red Sox Executive Milt Bolling and Scout Chuck Konecny met the Reichards at the airport. Rick stood there—tall, smiling shyly and boyishly, ducking his head—while Bolling grinned at the thick neck and sloping shoulders. "Another Ted Williams," said Bolling. "Just like Ted," Konecny agreed. "We need people like you, Rick," he added. "Clever kids, drawing cards. We need you in the American League." They drove Rick along the Charles River on a gray, muggy afternoon and told him about all the universities in Boston and about New Boston and the advantages of being in on it. But the biggest advantage they showed him was the short left-field wall in Fenway Park. "Made for a right-handed power hitter like you," said Bolling. "It's supposed to be 315 feet officially, but a couple of our pitchers got out a tape measure and measured the distance to that fence, and they swore it's only 298 feet. Think of that, Rick." He had hours to think about it that afternoon and evening at a doubleheader

between the Red Sox and the Yankees.

Flying down to New York on the shuttle, Dr. Reichardt was weighing and balancing the angles. "I sort of lean toward the National League," the doctor said. "It's better balanced and has fewer ball parks and better cases for traveling." The National League for New York was out, however. The Merv had backed away from Rick when the price rose toward the quarter-million range. Rick, meanwhile, was still thinking about what Merv had said about his arm. "I have a strong arm," Rick said. "I used to be a pitcher. Last game I pitched, when I was 14, I pitched a one-hitter. Won the game, 6-5. I walked 21." He laughed. The caddy into the city complained about the traffic and explained to Rick how to play the numbers, and Rick sat forward on the seat and looked more interested than he had in either Chicago or Boston. "This is a city, kid," the caddy said. That night the Reichards had dinner at Louis' Shor's, a place they had wanted to see and then went down to Congress Village and wandered through a street carnival celebrating the Feast of St. Anthony. There were electric lights up on the church and lights along the walls of the buildings, and there was a minstrel band and a graced-pole-dancing contest, and the street was very crowded. Rick stopped at a vendor's and bought a bag of corn fritters. "Got any money, son?" asked Dr. Reichardt. "I have about \$40," Rick said. "Where did you get it? I haven't sent you any money since September," said Dr. Reichardt. Rick shrugged. "I don't spend much. I get a lot of free meals. I let guys borrow my car for \$5. Stuff like that."

In noon of the following day, the Yankees had him. They picked up Rick and Dr. Reichardt at the New York Hilton—where the Yankees had found rooms for them while thousands of other visitors searched desperately for a bed—and whisked them off to lunch and then had them in the cages inside Yankee Stadium. After four hours Rick came into the Yankee locker room with General Manager Ralph Houk in tow. Houk nervously gazed at Rick around, making introductions. "Where have you been?" said Yankee Pitcher Jim Bouton. "We could use that bat of yours, Rick." Whenever reporters approached, Houk would run interference more energetically than anybody could for Rick while

he was carrying the ball at Wisconsin. "I can't pose for pictures, fellows. This kid is an amateur," said Houk, who was finally persuaded to pose with Rick and with Yankee Manager Yogi Berra. Gazing up at Rick, the stumpy Berra looked like a tourist posing beside a monument. "The kid don't make me feel so tall," Berra said. Then the curtain of Yankee security fell across Rick again and he was dragged away for more discussions. Berra watched Rick ducking into the dugout. "There he goes," said Berra. "That kid may get more bonus money than anybody ever, and who knows if he's gonna make it?"

After New York, Rick and his father stopped off in Stevens Point, picked up Mrs. Reichardt and flew to Los Angeles where they stayed at Aubrey's Continental Hotel. They had dinner at Aubrey's house and brunch with Reynolds, and they went to an NBC party where the television crew crowded around Rick and left Tony Curtis muttering, "Who is that guy?" When the Reichards got back to Stevens Point, the Braves had decided the price was too high and pulled out of the bidding. But Kansas City Athletics Owner Charles Finley was waiting. Finley talked to Rick for two days and brought Mrs. Finley to town to give him a tour of the house. After dinner on Finley's second night in Stevens Point, Rick made up his mind. "Mr. Finley," he said, "I'm going to sign with the Angels." Other than Rick himself, Finley was the first to know. What Finley did not know is that Rick had seriously considered only three teams—the Angels, the Yankees and the Cardinals in that order.

Immediately, after calling Bob Reichardt in Los Angeles, Rick drove to Madison and told Dwayne Manfield of his decision. Then Rick flew to Los Angeles for his professional debut, and there was talk that the Angels might shove him into their lineup immediately. "He's the most exciting and explosive player I've seen in 18 years of scouting," said the Angels' Nick Karmir. "The boy evades power," said Reynolds.

"Now," said Rick Reichardt, in a realistic appraisal of the situation, "the shoe is on the other foot. Now it's me who has to be nice to them!"

Based up far the first time and immediately published, Rick stands up like new father Dwayne older Angels' Lou Clinton and Jim Bouton.



A JOYFUL THEME AT THE AAU:

With an emphatic victory over a long-time tormentor, young Tom O'Hara glimpsed a meet in which youth, for the most part, seemed to be served

by GWLYM S. BROWN

When, like a rising river, an Olympic Games year rolls around and the U.S. starts its track-and-field preparations in earnest there is no predicting where the levee is likely to burst. Before one Olympic bid the crowds might be flooded with craggy world-class sprinters to chase down all the jackrabbits in the Southwest. Another time it might be hardlers, hardlers enough to maul a scrappy bullet. This year, as past weeks have indicated and as last weekend's National AAU Championships at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, N.J. confirmed most emphatically, it is going to be milers. Strong milers, fast milers and, most surprisingly, strong, young milers.

Three weeks earlier, in Compton, Calif. (8), June 15 eight runners, led by Dwyll Barleson and including a 17-year-old high school junior, had run a mile under four minutes. Last week a similar group of eight, this time led by 21-year-old Tom O'Hara and also including the same 17-year-old high school junior, produced an even faster race at the Olympic equivalent of the mile, 1,500 meters.

For two seasons now O'Hara, freshly graduated from Loyola University in Chicago, has chased his nemesis at long runs over in Dwyll Barleson's tall and slender shadow. He had lost to him six times in six races. In the AAU race, however, O'Hara resolved to dig himself out of this losing rut.

"I figured if I was going to beat Barleson this would have to be the race," he said. "I trained all week, I pointed for it, I peaked for it."

Two hours after he had realized the starting field in the 1,500-meter race to nine. At the start O'Hara and Barleson both settled back in the middle of the pack and followed the fast quarter-mile pace (38.3) of a bearded, balding, bespectacled British runner named Peter Keeling. On the backstretch of the third



Just outpacing in the strong at the AAU was the top miler, a delighted Tom O'Hara.

YOUNGER, HIGHER AND FASTER

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started to leap. O'Hara and Barlowe moved up quickly, got off the lead, and then, coming into the start of the final pass, O'Hara jumped in front, pulling Barlowe a mere behind him. They leaped into the backstretch and they suddenly challenged by a tall, gangling man in orange. In Ryan, the Wichita, Kansas high school boy, who looks more like a stork in shorts than the fastest scholastic miler of all time, Young Ryan attempted to push by O'Hara's right shoulder, but the leader slipped his throttle forward a notch and Ryan slipped back. Barlowe did not. He came up to O'Hara on the last turn, and as they entered the 50-yard stretch the two were abreast. But with Barlowe gaining, inch by inch, inch by inch, with each long stride. For a moment the race threatened to become a repetition of the pattern that had produced victory for Barlowe so many times before, but suddenly there was a abrupt transition. Lowering his head and stretching out his muscular thighs, O'Hara found a new burst of speed and down away he leaped, and the fresh O'Hara came over the finish and his head held high in a posture of exhilarated triumph.

"I was surprised when the race," admitted the winner later, "but after you get beaten so many times you try to stop thinking about it. I was stronger this time and I used better tactics."

"He just walked away from me," the

end," said Barlowe. "It was a great win for Tom."

O'Hara's time was 3:38.1, a new American record and the fastest 1,500 meters run in the world this year, and if it was a great race for Tom it was also a signal achievement for the scribe who followed him across the finish line. Barlowe, Jim Grille in third place and Ryan in fourth also bettered the Detroit record. But North Carolina's Cary Welles, who had held the old record of 3:34.4, who finished seventh in this race in 3:40.9, had run the equivalent of a 3:38.4 mile.

While the 1,500-meter run was a supplethorax, the race had exciting moments leading up to it. The lever seems to be bursting with talent at several key points. In the pole vault six men breezed over the former championship record of 16 feet 4½ inches, set a year ago by Russ Wernhouse, and the former Fred Hansen of Rice cleared 17 feet for the third time this year. Randy Matson, 19 years old and just past his freshman year at Texas A&M, won the shotput with a grunt-grinding heave of 64 feet 11 inches, another meet record.

"I quit worrying about trying to finish second to Dallas Long," he said, "and just tried to beat him." He beat Long by a foot and a half and the seemingly ageless Gary O'Brien, who was an Olympic champion when Matson was 7 years old, finished last but

not last. Scholastic Meters at this undergraduate, with the 5,000 meters at 13:56.7, well over took 8 was out of 13:38 but good time for a hot, humid day. Schol's skill as a distance runner is rather unimpressive in that he never actually returned to the dry air of California to do his intensive training. Fully as interesting was the fact that he was almost both runner and finish line by Spokane's 16-year-old Gerry Lindgren, who led right up to the last last lap.

"I like to get out in front so that I'm not in the dust," said Lindgren, who is 5 feet 6 and weighs 128 pounds. "I don't want much more distance training."

It was a weekend of rejoicing for some. For others, who not so long ago were Olympic heroes, the frame, shape of higher, farther, faster was a trifle unsettling. That fellow in the singlets with the glowering black hair and the shimmering muscles, for instance. Remember Don Briggs? Four years ago at Rome, Briggs won a gold medal in the 400-meter Olympic record of 15 feet 5 inches in the pole vault. Last week he sat in a first-year seat as near as possible to the pole-vault pit, with his shirt off, smoking up smoke and the greetings of those who knew him in No. 1 in the antediluvian age when running poles were made of Swedish steel, instead of fiber glass. Wagg regards this glass as excellent

Flame competition produced fairly comic vignettes: Ralph Boston in a broad jump pit that seems filled with water; Buck Kipp, with his



to vaulting technique. He retired from competition to watch with disdain as others whiplashed to world records extravagantly beyond Bragg's most extravagant dreams. He laughed, a trifle harshly, when 12 of the entrants in last week's meet decided not even to start vaulting until the bar had been pushed up to 15 feet 6 inches, one inch above Bragg's Olympic record.

Eight vaulters cleared 16 feet. At 16 feet 8 inches Hansen's pole snapped as he soared upward on his second jump, launching him head over heels into the foam rubber pit. He hardly seemed to notice. Using a heavier, stronger fiberglass pole, he cleared that height with plenty to spare on his last try. Hansen, who is 23 and a graduate student at Rice University, tends to pose—unwillingly—at the head of the runway. His fingers play with the top few feet of the pole as though it were a piccolo. In his last attempt at 17 feet he backed off the runway twice before he finally grabbed the pole, hunkled down the runway and snapped himself up and over the bar.

Unhappily, there were signs of lumbago where our track-and-field armor is often the thinnest. In the 100-meter dash Bob Hayes won in the time of 10.1, but was easing up with a pulled hamstring muscle in the left leg as he floated through the tape. He will not compete in this week's Olympic trials, but undoubtedly will be invited to the final

trial in September. The 400-meter run was won in a less-than-sensational 46.0 by 30-year-old Mike Larabee, a California high school teacher. "I just came to run and have fun," he announced after his victory. Another aging winner was Hayes Jones, 25, who retired to win the 110-meter high hurdles in a lackluster 13.8. The 800-meter run went to 25-year-old Jerry Siebert in 1:47.5, almost two seconds over the seven-year-old U.S. record. Where are the Calhouns and Davines, the Courtneys and Sewells of yesteryear?

And where was Jim Beatty, once this country's indomitable distance runner? He was a lagging third in the 5,000 meters. "I'm not so much worried about finishing third as in the way I finished third," he sighed. "I was absolutely flat. I'll work hard tomorrow, then rest and hope I have more left for the trials."

Russia's Valeri Beumel is not likely to be concerned about the winning high-jump mark of 7 feet 1 inch, 4½ inches under his world mark. The event was won by California's Ed Caruthers, with John Wambler and John Thomas placed second and third at the same height due to more frequent misses.

Benjamin Harold Connolly won the hammer throw with a free toss of 226 feet 9½ inches. "Something between 225 and 230 is sure to win the Olympics," Connolly said, "but what I'm after is a world record." The present one is in

own, 231 feet 10 inches, but last week the second-place finisher, Ed Burke of California, was almost 11 feet back. In Rome, Connolly had an off day and finished eighth. If the U.S. does not produce more depth in the event it could happen again.

Some of the poor performances might be attributable to the track, not recently laid down in Rutgers University's 22,000-seat football stadium. It is on-trail-cus two-thirds crushed brick, one-third cinder and was still a little loose. "It was like running on puffs of smoke," announced Sprinter Hayes. But the fast times in the 1,500-meter run tend to shift the blame out of the track itself and into the feet and legs of those who were running over it. The crackling-fast 1,500-meter run also trumpeted a warning to the rest of the running world.

"How do you keep up?" grunted former U.S. second-holder Weisiger. "Four years ago in this race I ran 3:44.3 and finished fourth. I improved that time by well over three seconds, and this year I finish eighth."

A Kenyan was looking apprehensively over his shoulder. "That Ryan," he said. "I hate to think what kind of a figure he has."

Why stop at Ryan? The whole U.S. has a future at 1,500 meters, and for the first time since 1908 it looks as bright as an Olympic medal—maybe even a gold one.

END

glimpses alike, Jan Skrabec's fire, violent with determination, two-time Olympic champion Larry O'Brien shaking slightly to assure that



TIME OF TRIAL FOR ALVIN DARK

Battling for a pennant with a team that has yet to hit as it should, the San Francisco Giants' manager is harassed by persistent rumors that he will be fired by Owner Horace Stoneham. By ROBERT M. BOYLE

Stood up in white baseball flannels, his dark locks curling above his forehead, Alvin Dark looks like a centurion carrying the Roman standard into Gaul. In the dugout, he has a mess of spurs in the field, he has the look of eagles (see cover). He is a clean-cut, church-going, nonswearing Baptist, and everything about him reflects the wholesome life.

As a college football player at LSU, Dark was a good enough runner to move Steve Van Horn to blocking back. Later he was a Marine officer. For 14 years he played shortstop and third base for the Braves, Giants, Cards, Cubs and Phils. He was the captain of two pennant-winning Giant teams (1951 and 1954), and he had a lifetime batting average of .289. He always gave his all and then some. "Baseball is his life," says Lee Walls, the Dodger utility man, who roomed with Dark for two years on the Cubs. "He lives, breathes and talks baseball most of the time. Many times when he sets baseball aside, he reads the Bible."

Ordinarily, Alvin Dark would be the last sort of person to excite rumors, but he is the manager of the San Francisco Giants, a team that is, perhaps unfairly, expected to win the National League pennant every year, and ever since the Giants moved from New York they have been the subject of more "inside" stories, gossip and rumors than any other club in either league.

Part of the reason for the stories, most of which concern a " feud" between Dark and Horace Stoneham, the Giants' owner, is that San Francisco is built for gossip. Perched on a peninsula on the edge of the Pacific, the city is separated from

the frantic East by 3,000 miles of mountains, rivers and corn fields, and life in so pleasant and lush a city is so remote that the middle of the country becomes a sort of Atlantic Ocean and the East another Europe. San Franciscans understandably enjoy discussing the beauties of their city, but they also spend a lot of time talking about the Giants.

Then there is the Giant front office itself, whose operations are about as clear, to most fans, as the murky dealings of a Byzantine court. Not long after the Giants moved to San Francisco, Bill Rigney, a local boy, was suddenly fired as manager during the season, and Clancy Sheehan, a scout and enemy of Stoneham's, took his place in a shift that struck some people as a palace plot. That happened four years ago, but it helped fix the image of the Giant front office in the popular mind.

Added to all this is the rugged competition between the two morning newspapers—Hearst's *Examiner*, the self-styled "Monarch of the Marbles," and the beach *Chronicle*, neither of which has been known to play down the sensational. The Giants have never enjoyed the rapport with San Francisco sports writers that had become a journalistic tradition back in New York. The relationship between team and press is usually good, but every once in a while one of the papers will print a story which the players feel is unfair or untrue. Dark himself refuses to read anything but the box scores in local papers. The latest controversy involves Bob Shaw, a



WHISTLING DARK signals for relief of Bob Shaw (left), while Chuck Heller looks on.

charming and evasive rebel pitcher who also happens to be an avid Goldwater supporter. ("You liberals can't hit," he is likely to tell a fellow pitcher in batting practice.) A couple of weeks ago Harry Jupiter of the *Examiner* did a feature story on Shaw that ran on

the front page. Shaw was not amused and he talked of suing for libel. "I do not talk to myself when I warm up," he said, ticking off his grievances. "I do not say, 'I am the greatest,' my name is not Cassius and" . . . here Shaw paused for breath. "I am not against NADU."

The commonest rumor making the rounds now is that Dark and Stoneman are not speaking (one version has it that they have not talked to each other in a year and a half) and that Dark will leave the Giants before the season ends. Everyone involved denies all this strongly. "All these stories!" exclaims Club Fahey, a vice-president of the club and Stoneman's nephew. "No matter what you say you're damned. Give a manager a vote of confidence and the papers will say that's the kiss of death. They [Dark and Stoneman] talk to one another all the time." Stoneman himself says the stories are "ridiculous." "We're on the phone all the time," he says. "I've never hung around the clubhouse or the bench, because I don't think that's part of the executive's role in baseball."

Another rumor, and this one appears to have some substance, has it that Dark, who is in the last year of a two-year contract, will manage Houston next season. It began when Dark announced last winter that he was selling his house in Atherton, south of San Francisco on the peninsula, and that his family was moving back to Lake Charles, La., to be near kin-folk. Besides adorning Dark's knicker, Lake Charles is also near Houston, and Paul Richards, the general manager of the Colts, has a high regard for Dark. In Houston, it is taken for granted that Harry Craft, the present manager, will not be back next year, barring a spectacular turn by the team. Stoneman says he thinks all this is "a rainy-day story the writers dreamed up. The Houston people are baseball people, and if they were going to get in touch with my manager, they'd ask me first." Dark simply says, "I haven't made any plans for 1965. My concern right now is trying to win the pennant here."

Dark constantly minimizes the importance of his role as manager. "I've never played for a club where the manager was the pennant," he says. "There is no possible way for a ball club to win unless the material is there. Look at the Yankees. They won with Rocky Harris, with Stengel and Houk. You get the good



hullplaters and let them do the work."

To Dark, there are only two sins a ballplayer can commit: not taking care of himself and not hustling. "You can't put brains in a boy's head or give him base-running instinct," he says. Dark has a private system for rating each player's "intangibles." A player gets so many points, for instance, for a clutch hit or for advancing a runner (such as hitting to the right side of the infield instead of the left to let a runner move from second to third). Conversely, a player who mimes a sign or who overruns a base loses points. On the one occasion that Dark made his figures public, Willie Mays and Jim Davenport were among the highest in "intangibles" points (Orlando Cepeda, it was also discovered, had a remarkably low score, and the relationship between Dark and his big slugger has not been quite the same since). "There are," says Dark, "winning .275 hitters and losing .310 hitters." Thus, according to Dark, most batting averages are "phony." They do not necessarily indi-

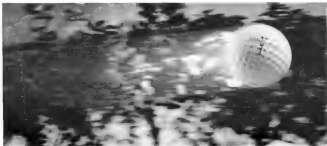
cate a player's true abilities or value, and Dark discourages the Giants from pursuing the daily publicity release of averages. "I don't even let them bring that idiot sheet into our clubhouse," he says. "There should be only one thing on a player's mind, and that's winning."

Says Ken MacKenzie, a reliever who was once with the Mets, "On the Mets there was a lack of pressure. The toughest thing was trying to get up for a game. Here no one has to tell you that. On the Mets you played for the average. Here you sacrifice yourself for the play, for the game."

To the reporters regularly covering the Giants, Dark is known as "the Mad Genius" for his tactics on the field. "Dark is a 'book' manager to a certain extent," says Billy Hoelt, an ex-Giant now with the Braves. "But all of a sudden he'll go against the book and be successful." Dark says, "Baseball is a percentage game, but that doesn't mean each percentage is the same every day."

Perhaps the best example of Dark's

unorthodoxy occurred this year in the final game of a three-game series against the Phillies. The Giants had won the first two games and needed a sweep to leave town in first place. To anyone receiving ticker reports on the charge of pitchers, it looked as though the Giants were getting murdered right from the start. Dark used four pitchers in the first inning. At one point the Phillies had one run in, the bases loaded and nobody out. But Dark went from Bob Holm, who had relieved Starter Bob Hendley, to Ken MacKenzie (called in only to face Pinch Hitter Wes Covington, who promptly popped to third), to Gaylord Perry, who got the next two outs. The Phillies scored only two runs, and the Giants were still in the game. In the 10th the Giants led 4-3. With two out and the tying run on third for the Phillies, Dark replaced Bob Shew with Billy Pierce. Again he did the unorthodox. He had Pierce intentionally pass Richie Allen, getting the winning run on base, to go at John Herrnstein, a left-handed hitter. The only pinch hit-



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ters left on the Phillie bench were left-handers, and Pierce got Herstein to ground-out to end the game. For all of this maneuvering, Dark made one move counter to his usual tactics: the intentional walk to Allen. Ordinarily, Dark tells his pitchers not to make a walk look intentional; he feels that it might rile up the next batter. As a case in point, Dark cites an experience involving Cepeda. In one series a couple of years ago, the Phillies purposely walked Mays three times to get at Cepeda. The next time the two teams played, Cepeda drove in nine runs.

Players have great respect for Dark. "He has a good idea of what he's doing all the time," says Felipe Alou, ex-Giant now with the Braves. "He can get sore like any human being, but he is a high-class man, and I can't say anything but good about him." Says Ed Bailey, another former Giant with the Braves, "I enjoyed playing for Dark. If you had a problem, he would listen. You wouldn't always get your way, but he'd be fair about it. He won't ever ask a guy to do something the guy can't do. In a case like mine, he wouldn't have me try to steal a base." To which Lee Waike adds, "Dark did something as a player that only one other man in baseball did to my knowledge. When a new man joined the club, Alou would take him out to dinner. He wanted to know all about this man as a person and as a player. The only other man I know who did this was Branch Rickey."

Thus far this year, surprisingly, pitching has been the Giants' strong point. "The pitching has carried us," Dark says. "This is the best pitching we've had since I've been with the club." Juan Marichal, of course, is the leader. From him it is a quick drop to Jack Sanford (good for only six or seven innings) and Billy O'Dell (sore arm), but the relief pitching has been splendid. Shaw has been excellent and Perry brilliant. Perry was the winner of the 23-inning game against the Mets, and recently he had a streak of 23 scoreless innings. In 51 innings, he has walked only six. An \$80,000 bonus player, Perry was something of a disappointment until this season, and he gives much of the credit for his improvement to Shaw. For one thing, Shaw told Perry to stand square to the batter—face on—instead of at an angle. At an angle, Perry was throwing across his body instead of directly at the plate.



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ALVIN DARK *columnist*

Except for Mays and Cepeda, the hitting has been nonexistent. Statistically, the Giants were the worst-hitting team in the league over two weekaps, and they were next to the worst in hitting. Willie McCovey was hitting .190, Tom Haller .210, Chuck Hiller .190 and Harvey Kuiper .220. Altheide, Matt Alou and Jose Pagan, the regular shortstops, also have been out with injuries, but even if the hitting does come around, the Giants will not be devastating, according to Dark. The Giants, he says, are not a power club even with Mays, Cepeda and McCovey in the lineup. They went from power to pinching when they traded Alou and Bailey for Shum and Hendley. "We're a three- or four-run ball club, that's all," says Dark. "You can't go to the post. We go up to home runs to get pinching. We don't have too guys in the lineup who are home run hitters. Twenty homers—that's a home run hitter."



THOUGH HE BARELY READS PAPERS.

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Strangely, Dark adds, the Giants' chances for the pennant hinge on the hitting of two players: Jesus Alou, the outfielder, and Tom Ray, Bantz, the rookie third baseman. "They must play the way they did in the minors and hit, possibly, I don't ask for .300. Just around .275 or .280." Dark sees three other clubs contending for the pennant and, like the Giants, they all have ifs. "First, the Phillies," he says. "Good, sound, solid ball club, if their third baseman [Richie Allen] continues to hit the rest of the season the way he has the first third. The Dodgers, if Mueller and Orsiga pitch good ball. The Cardinals, if Wadsworth can pitch the way he started last year. These are the best-balanced ball clubs in the league."

Win or lose, the Giants can be counted on to provide talk for San Francisco. As Stoneham himself says, "It might be that we're the biggest thing to hit this city in a number of years."

END



DARK TALKS ONLY TO REPORTERS.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER

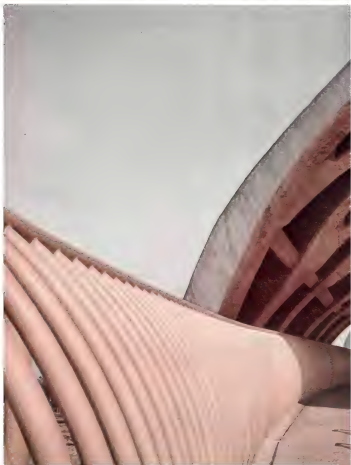






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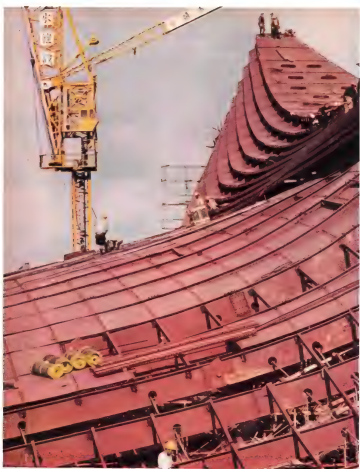




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OLYMPIC
TOKYO

The buildings on this vastly simplified map of central Tokyo are landmarks for an American visitor this October. The venues are spread throughout the world's largest city—some far beyond its limits. The principal venues, however, are in three parks, Meiji, Yoyogi, and Komazawa, all within half an hour of Tokyo Station. An excellent elevated railway (called Arima) maps a new subway (called Mami) and improved highways (Arae lines) should make getting about in the confusion of Tokyo less of an ordeal than it was in Rome 1960. For travel Facts, turn three.



containing explanations of the plots. If you study up in advance, you will not miss a trick.

From Oct. 9 to Oct. 19, in addition to the regular matinee and evening performances, at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., the Kabukis will have late-night performances, each show consisting of two typical dance numbers and a performance of a representative Bunraku puppet show. In addition to seeing the 10 p.m. show, patrons can visit the backstage dressing rooms to watch the Kabuki performers apply their makeup. Kabuki tickets cost from \$1 to \$5.

More perplexing to the American visitor, perhaps, but nearly as colorful, is *No*, a classical-style dance-drama performed in a manner completely unchanged for 600 years. Wearing stylized masks, some of which are centuries old, the performers move at an agonizingly slow pace through the dramas, most of which have Buddhist themes. Every little movement has a meaning of its own in *No*, so watch for that symbolic twig of bamboo grass, which shows that the holder is in a frenzy, or the folding fan, which can mean either a writing brush, a wine bottle, a cup, a dipper or a sword. You figure it out. There will be special performances of *No* in October at the Hoshokan Theatre and the Kanze Kabuki.

Special performances of the Bugaku (Imperial Court dances) and Gagaku (Imperial Court music) will be given at the Tokyo Metropolitan Festival Hall

the dances and music are virtually unchanged from the form in which they originated in northern China and Mongolia some 1,900 years ago.

At the Kokusai, on the other hand, there is a faithful reproduction of Kado Kiri Matsuri Hall circa 1935, with a line of Rockabilly dancers called the Atomic Girls. Kokusai is a training school for one of the large motion picture companies. It has music and dancing, very little dialogue, and elaborate and gimmicky stage devices. In Autumn Dance, which will be playing in October, features a fire scene the equal of the most elaborate spectacles of the Paris Olympia. Tickets cost \$2 or \$3.

In addition to the events at the Games themselves, there will be a series of demonstrations of traditional Japanese sports, most of which derive from martial exercises. Kendo, or Japanese fencing, and kyudo, a stylized form of archery, will be performed at the new Nippon Budokan Hall, built opposite the Imperial Palace grounds for judo competitions during the Games.

In kendo the opponents use bamboo swords. Everything is slash and batter, the four points of Western fencing having gone by the board. Banned by the U.S. Occupation as too militaristic, it is making a big comeback now among college youth and even getting a few adherents among the adults. In addition to the Olympic demonstrations, you can see them from the universities in their own fencing halls—call the All-Japan Kendo Association for information.

Judo will be an official Olympic sport for the first time in Tokyo and can be seen during the competition. It is a derivative of jujitsu, which has been popular since the 17th century in Japan, but is basically a martial art. The present style of sporting judo was developed in the late 19th century. It is both a means of defense and a form of exercise, and is considered an excellent way to cultivate mental discipline. In addition to the official Olympic judo competitions in the new Budokan there will be other demonstrations at the

Mecha of judo, the Kodokan near Sendoharu Station. Here American visitors can take judo lessons from English-speaking teachers—the ladies are just as welcome as the men. Foreigners' practice hours are from 1:30 to 7:30 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday evenings and from 5:30 to 4:30 on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Sumo, the Japanese form of wrestling, descended from Mongolian wrestling, is not ordinarily held in October in Tokyo, but there will be demonstrations during the Olympics. Six of the matches is not yet set. Tickets



are hard to get for some; ask your hotel to get them for you.

Western-style sports are more popular today among young Japanese than the traditional ones described above. Baseball leads in number of fans. Tokyo alone has four professional teams, the most outstanding of which are the Giants and the Flyers. The season will end early this year, just before the Olympics began on Oct. 10. The free daily English-language newspapers carry complete schedules, and tickets may be obtained at the baseball parks on arrival. The biggest stadium is the Korakuen near Sendoharu Station on the elevated Chuo line, and the Tokyo Baseball Stadium in Minami Setagaya.

As a part of the Olympic festivities, on Oct. 31 there will be an exhibition game of baseball at Meiji Olympic Park baseball stadium between all-star Japanese and American amateur teams.

Horse races are run daily except Wednesday at the Oi Race Course in Sumeru-machi, about 10 miles south of the city center. At two other courses, Fuchu and Nakayama, there are races Sunday, Sunday and on most national holidays. The govern-

ment-controlled betting system is a complicated one, somewhat resembling the multiple bet in a daily double. No one at the courses speaks English, so go with a Japanese friend or interpreter. You will not even be able to find the right windows without assistance.

For the participant, Tokyo has many sports facilities, some of them very expensive, others as cheap as they are crowded. You can play lawn tennis at the Tamagawa public courts, way out on the Tamagawa River. It is more convenient to arrange through your hotel to take out a temporary membership in the Tokyo Lawn Tennis Club or get guest privileges at the Palace Tennis Club on the Imperial Palace grounds.

Bowling is the hottest new sports fad in Japan, and Tokyo has the biggest bowling center in the world, with 120 lanes. This month, the Shinjuku Bowling Center, is open until 3 in the morning. It attracts, in addition to serious bowlers, a good many beatniks and nightish housewives after the clubs have closed. Other bowling lanes where a little English is spoken include the Tokyo Bowling Center, right next to Meiji Olympic Park, Tokyo Hotel at Tokyo Tower and the Korakuen Bowling Arena in Korakuen Park. Reservations are necessary, especially at night. All of these places have restaurants and bars, but the food is only recommended. Bowling costs a steep 100 to \$1 a lane.

Public golf courses are scarce and are located far from downtown Tokyo's expensive real estate, but driving ranges are scattered throughout the city. Most convenient is the Shiba Park range in front of the Tokyo Prince Hotel. A box of balls will cost about 350. The nearest public courses are in Yamanashi and in Enoshima, a 90-minute train ride south of Tokyo. The best way to play golf is to take a weekend away from Tokyo at one of the excellent resort hotels in the mountains near Lake Hakone. The best hotel in the area is the Fujino in Miyazaki, the oldest Western-style hotel in all Japan. Games there



in Ueno Park, along with demonstrations of classical and folk dances. Bugaku and Gagaku can rarely be seen. Bugaku is given only twice a year at Meiji Shrine in Tokyo, and Gagaku performances by the Imperial Court Orchestra are open to the public only twice a year, so these Olympic performances represent an extraordinary opportunity. Both

continued

play golf at the Sengoku coast, about a 20-minute drive from the hotel. The hotel also has an annex across from the course.

The Japanese onsen, or honorable bath, is misunderstood by the foreigners at the geisha. If you are expecting to find traditional dipping, you will have to travel into the backwoods, where 20th century mores have not caught up with this ancient Japanese custom in their bare in the sophisticated environment of the capital.

In preparation for the Olympics, the lady members of the Diet have demanded that Tokyo's Turkish baths, famous during the Occupation, be purified. The bathhouse owners interpret this to mean they must eliminate the small cubicles in which the weary visitor could have his back scrubbed, hosed in a steam box, and be massaged by a permissible young lady attendant. Now all one can do in a bathhouse is take a bath. More respectable institutions, which have everything from Finnish saunas to electric massage tables, include the Tokyo Onsen in Higashi-Guza and the Grand Sante in Shinjuku. Prices range from 400 for the large public bath to \$2.00 for a massage and private room.

Sightseeing highlights of Tokyo include some of the old shrines, but many of them should be ignored. High on the list to be avoided is the Imperial

Kannon Temple, with rows of two sheep lining its approach; the Meiji Shrine, which is newly rebuilt since the war, but in tasteless Shinto style; and Ueno Park, with its many fine museums, its zoo, a mineral spa and crowds of noisy, transplanted country boys and girls, sucking a bit of green in the heart of the city of Tokyo.

A visit to the Tsukiji fish and vegetable market is a Tokyo experience as fascinating as is Les Halles in Paris. You can go as early as 5 a.m. or as late as 10 a.m., but the earlier the better. With some of Tokyo's nightspots open until 4 a.m., you can wind up a heavy night on the town at the fish market, where you will find cleanliness to the point of fastidious and little if any smell. The Japanese respect for quality ingredients will make some hard-to-take meals about Japanese food more appealing. Agents of the better Tokyo restaurants come daily to bid for the finest fish and vegetables, and they examine every single item before it goes to the auction block.

EATING IN TOKYO

The cuisine of Japan is a great deal more varied than the average Westerner thinks. You may associate your notion that *sakizaki* and *tempura* are palatable foods and raw fish is not. One of the pleasures of a visit to Tokyo is discovering how much variety and subtlety exists in the Japanese cuisine. *Sakizaki* is a dish of choice, thinly sliced beef, swine, vegetable and beans and, the whole steamed in a non-stick oil, set at your table in a mixture of soy sauce, sake, water and sugar. It is best if eaten with chopsticks, each mouthful dipped in raw egg, and accompanied by one of the excellent Japanese beers, such as Kirin, Asahi or Sapporo. The best *sakizaki* restaurants are Yugen and Okahan in the Ginza area.

Tempura is fish, shrimp or vegetables, the freshest of the season, dipped piece by piece into a light batter made with wheat flour and then fried quickly in hot oil by a chef seated behind a counter facing the guests. *Tempura* goes best with sake,

which is generally served hot. One of the best *tempura* restaurants is Ten-ho, but you will find others all over town.

Grilled chicken and game are also popular. *Adobako*, which means grilled poultry, is found in small restaurants and street stalls all over the city. It consists of small pieces of chicken grilled over charcoal on a bamboo stick. One notable *yakitori* restaurant is Ichibu in the Kojimachi area.

In October, Tokyo's game-fest restaurants will be specializing in pheasant and venison grilled over charcoal braziers. Game food is called *karibayaki*, a word that means "roasting in the hunting fire," and the best-known game restaurant is Akahara. Meat goes well with both the grilled chicken and game.

A good one-dish meal—particularly good late in the evening—is *chawanmushi*, which consists of a big pot of fishbone broth in which are steamed chicken, shrimps, fish, potatoes and vegetables, all eaten directly from the pot with chopsticks. *Isokura* is the place for *monkies*.

A unique restaurant in Tokyo, the Rakusomai in Roppongi, specializes in *shojiki*, or cooking on hot, thin stones. Steaks, chops, game and vegetable have a uniquely delicious flavor cooked this way in this charming place.

The best steaks in Tokyo are found at one of the several steakhouses that have developed in the last 10 years. Kobebeef—probably the world's best—is grilled along with bean sprouts and chopped onions, on a steel grill in front of you. Misono in Akasaka is a meat-plate restaurant very popular with Americans in Tokyo. It also is capable of a creditable martini.

In October many foods proud by the Japanese are in season. The ginkgo nut and the pine mushroom will show up in various restaurants, cooked in different ways as perfect accompaniments to one of the thousands of Japanese seasons. But only specialized restaurants serve one food that October brings: the fugu, or poisonous blowfish. The cooks who prepare this highly prized seafood have to go to special schools to insure the safe-

ty of their customers. The trick is in the removal of the poison glands. Sukuma is the oldest established fugu house.

Most Americans would rather not take their risks with a cooked



blanched than any fish raw, but raw fish, or *sashimi*, fresh from the sea, sliced paper-thin and dipped in soy and a bit of horseradish is a true delicacy. *Udon* (noodle) and *waikuchi* are good choices for *sashimi* mistakes; there is no hint of fishiness about them, just the clean taste of the sea. *Sushi* is another and perhaps easier way to start out on raw fish. *Sushi* is a ball of lightly vinegared cold rice, often wrapped in thin leaves of dried seaweed, topped by a thin slice of tuna or other fish or with cucumber or a pickled vegetable. There are *sushi* bars everywhere, but *sake* or beer complicates the snack.

In addition to the restaurants that specialize in one branch or another of Japanese cuisine, there are also restaurants where you can get the whole variety—or at least a good part of it—at a sitting. These are the leading restaurants of Tokyo—and the most expensive. They are like private clubs, and most of them do not cater to foreigners. It is necessary to have a Japanese friend arrange an evening for you in one of these establishments. The cost will be as much as \$30 per person and will include a dozen courses of exquisitely served food plus entertainment by geisha. These restaurants in this category which have had at least limited experience in dealing with foreigners are Mita, near Yanagibashi, and Nakagawa and Karas, both in Akasaka. Ask your hotel management to help with arrangements, if you do not have a Japanese friend to do so.



Palace—you cannot see it anyway, and you will pass it by, the only part of the palace worth seeing, almost daily. The National Diet Building is an ugly chunk of concrete, and Tokyo Tower, a copy of the Eiffel Tower, is nearly only useful as a landmark to give you some idea of what section of town you are in, and you can see it only one-fifth of its 1,110 feet.

Worth seeing are the Asakusa

Naturally, in the world's largest city you can also eat in many languages. *Fransoya* is the best French restaurant, but it is tiny and hard to get into. The *Crevin* is also good. The Italian *Garden* and *Chiari* serve reasonable approximations of Italian food, and there are many good Chinese restaurants. The best Americanized or Continental food is in the better hotels. The *Koyaki Grill* of the Hilton has excellent service and food. At the *Imperial*, *Premier* is a close approximation of the great *Premier* fish restaurants of London and Paris, and the handsome *Grill* is one of the most popular dining places for the American and European colony. Even mediocre French wines cost upward of \$10 per bottle and most Japanese wine is undrinkable. Two exceptions are the *Sadoya Company's* *Chateau Brillon*—a kind of Bordeaux—and a good Bordeaux made by *Miscian*. They will cost about \$3.50 to \$4.50 per bottle in a restaurant—if you can find them. The best restaurants would much rather sell you imported wine.

NIGHT OWLING

Tokyo is one of the few or no places in the world where you can spend endless evening hours on the town without repeating yourself. Forget about such serious Western entertainments as opera and ballet—the local products are not worth seeing—but if you like gimmicks, gaudy shows and organized jollity, you will love Tokyo. Night life in Tokyo, keyed to a spendthrift Japanese expense-account philosophy and to the Oriental custom of the hostess, is expensive. The hostesses are often the most beautiful and charming Japanese women you will see, and if one should join you to keep you company, like a modern-day geisha, you pay for her drinks and often for her time as well. The fact that there are hostesses in a place—so there are in most clubs and many bars—should not keep you from talking your wife there. She is welcome in all respectable places.

The *Mikado* is the most fa-

mous of all of Tokyo's nightclubs, a wild Oriental copy of the *Lido* in Paris. There are no hostesses there, but a 90-minute show with dancing fountain, J-D movies combined with a stage show consisting of dozens of dancing semi-nudes and *Madama Butterfly* throwing balloons from an aerial brocade. Resist the waiter's attempt to force a menu on you. The food is about the worst in Tokyo. Use up your \$7.50-per-person minimum on drinks or dessert and coffee. Shows are at 8:30 and 9:30.

There are many more intimate nightclubs, with dancing, small floor shows and hostesses. The best of these is the *Copacabana*, which has an excellent restaurant upstairs. The *Little Club*, hardly open until 3 a.m. (*Gensai* sounds like *goss* a sky) is a new place abounding in vulgarity but boasting a lot of pretty girls and an unusual price system: everything, from the cover charge to the best Scotch to a boiled egg, is 700 yen—about \$2.50. Crow, on the



Gion, is a favorite with well-heeled Japanese businessmen, and there are two or three American girls as exotic hostesses. *Club Marunouchi* is an afternoon place (legal closing time is 2 a.m.), and it may be raided when you are there—it often is, but customers are never looked or questioned. Enter by the front door before midnight and leave by the back any time before 4 a.m. It has a passable strip show, intelligent hostesses and good late supper. Show *Blue*, near *Shinjuku*, is strictly cornball. You are piped about this gaudy replica of a *Mississippi* riverboat, pour empty glasses are picked up by a girl driving a miniature train and the bandstand goes up and down an elevator shaft.

There are more bars in Tokyo than in any other city in the world—8,000 is the latest estimate. The top hostess bars are

Le Rat Mort, the *Vogue*, the *Gordon* on the *Ginza* and the *Club Douce* in *Akihaba*. All are expensive and elegant. More earthy are the *Club Bohemian*—which considers itself a left bank bar—the *Lady Fair* and the *New Yorker*.

Most fun, perhaps, are the little bars where the bar girls play guitars and sing in English, Spanish or Japanese. Try *Poona* on the *Ginza* or *Pekin* in *Akihaba*. *Miyabi*, near *Shinjuku Station*, features Japanese folk-music sing-alongs. *Kikyo* is a bar that fascinated *Robert Kennedy* on his 1962 trip to Tokyo. It features sake in barrels, waiters dressed like sportsmen and a headliner who speaks no English but loves Americans. If you like the bizarre, try to see one of the bars with military themes, but they do not usually welcome single foreign tourists. If you do get in, you will be pronounced a FOW and escorted by a "soldier" post a sword-bagged bandstand to your table and introduced to your "maie" or henchman. Typical of these is the *Randevous* in *Shinjuku*.

Up the ladder considerably is the *Starlight Lounge* on top of the *Hotel Okura*, with a panoramic view of Tokyo—much better by night than day—and a small club.

As everywhere, the best entertainment in town is likely to be the people themselves, and the place to find them is in Tokyo's equivalent of London's pub—a *Sansary* bar. All *Sansary* bars are independently owned and must meet very high standards of price, honesty and cleanliness to carry the franchise of the giant *Sansary Ltd.* distillery. You can always be sure of good inexpensive drinks and good company in a *Sansary* bar. If you are alone, the chances are that the fellow on the next stool will try to practice his English on you, and this chattering frequently leads to the foreigner's being taken around town to places he would never find on his own. If you have any doubts about teaming up with a stranger, ask the bartender, who will give you a straight answer. *Sansary* whisky resembles Ameri-

can blended whisky—best is *Old Sansary* at 70¢ a shot. Imported liquor is very expensive—*Johnny Walker Black Label* costs \$20 at the corner market, \$2.50 a drink.

The musical coffee bar is a booming Tokyo institution, at its best in the early morning hours. From the *Gibson* to the simple, all the coffee shops feature music and serve alcoholic and soft drinks in addition to coffee. There are many coffee shops that play only classical music on hi-fi systems and a large number of others devoted to jazz. Most fun are the ones with live bands. At *Yie Lue Shan* in *Shinjuku*, for instance, the orchestra travels up and down the four stories on two giant screws. *Tenno* is a place with teenagers listening to loud music. The hands change constantly, and you will find several imitations of Elvis, still the most popular foreign singer in Japan. The world's noisiest coffee shop is the *Albion*—it features girls who twist to the music but never sit down with the customers. When they light your cigarette, they keep on twisting.

At the end of a late night, the best place to find a Western-style snack is on *Higashigakko-dori*—a street called 15th Street by the foreign colony. Best places are *River*, *Hamburger Inn*, *Tan's* and *Lao's*. Or try the Japanese-style snacks at a number of friendly spots around town which specialize in sake, seafood and camaraderie. *Tsuta* in *Yotsuya* has delicious *sasae*, or shellfish, and *Narayan*, near *Yasukuni Shrine*, operated by a former *sansu* champion, specializes in *uni*—sea urchin, oysters and sake.

A good place for scrambled eggs and coffee—or a nightclub—is Tokyo's only sidewalk cafe, the *Champs Elysee*. It is almost always closed in because of the weather or the dust from the busy street. Young actors and actresses come here to attract the attention of visiting producers from Asia's largest TV studio, which is situated nearby. The *Champs Elysee*, next to the *Hotel New Japan*, is open until 3 a.m. *Seymour*. END

"There is too much importance placed on winning," said sports car enthusiast and taxpayer **Barry Goldwater**. But the third-running Republican candidate for nomination was not setting up an alibi for possible defeat at the convention in San Francisco. He was talking about participating in sports. "It's gotten," said Barry. "They've nearly have to be a professional to play anywhere."

Good old Silver has long since gone to that grid pasture in the sky, and Remo is off somewhere flipping coupons, but even in retirement **Brewer Weaver**, the last of the Lone Rangers radio variety, can still cry "Hi Ho Silver!" and get an answer. In the corral of his 100-acre breeding ranch in Michigan, Silver's Pride, the 26-year-old scion of the equine star, happily munches hay and tries around commands to be saddled by his master for a ride into the sunset.

Looking like a living Odysseus, but 3-foot-2-inch Hamlet **Drew George Muir** and 3-foot-1-inch **Wilk Chamberlain** stand side by side and bemoan at Wilk's 2-year-old pacer, Rivalro, when George had just shown to his

fifth victory in five starts in Liberty Bell Park's Independence Pace. "I've been mauling around with pacers for years," said happy Warrior Wilk, "but this is my first real good one."

It was a Texas-type story, even though it happened in Mississippi. Texas Football Coach **Harrell Royal** and Mississippi State University Athletic Director **Wade Walker** denied rather stubbornly to talk of their golf match because of darkness after 34 hours of play and 40 holes. During the next three rounds, neither of the two old Oklahoma communities had stirred out of the hole.

Ever since she picked up a set of men's clubs and learned the swing golf has done nothing but interfere with the true career of **April March** since Valma-Tam Beckett, a 12-handicap attraction at New York's off-Broadway theatrical *This Day At Longue*, "Newadays," complains April, "when I get written up, a usually about my golf [she's left] and hardly ever about me being a stripper [she's right]."

The President of the U.S. feels smart enough to leave his but

line behind in the White House when he plays golf. But when General **Thomas S. Power**, the Commander in Chief of SAC, goes onto the course he carries his phone with him, putting it down only to swing. Last week at the Offutt Air Force Base course in Omaha the 11-handicap golfer (who is also a black-belt jiu-jitsu instructor) was called "That's nothing. We're usually interrupted more than that," said his playing partner, a three-star general who presumably has not seen Dr. *Strangelove*.

A confirmed danger rat, Author **Richard Powell** Kaiser got his patient wife Marion off the comfortably quarantined off their honeymoon. *So Return to Inland* by tag, **Carl Queen**, for a three-craft Mississippi River race off Dubuque, Iowa. The eager Queen charged into an early lead but, on miles and 34 minutes later, she crossed the line second by 30 lengths to *The Moss*, which, when not racing, pulls sand and gravel up the river. "We'll win next year," said Mrs. Powell cheerfully. "This is gonna cost me a lot of money," grunted her credit-lincher husband. "Don't I have to bet, now, captain?"

Genevieve Wechsung's *Champion Kid Garden* is reportedly serving a five-year term in Havana's La Cabana Correctional on unusual political offense. *Whitewashed Upstairs* ("Who knows?") But even after Garden left the ring he became a dedicated member of Jehovah's Witnesses and went back to what precisely the Gospel. A sect that refuses even to salute the flag of a free republic is not likely to find much favor in Castro's Cuba.

Leaving the Philadelphia Orchestra in conflict by itself for a moment, Concert Master **Arnold Brundage** mused over to supervise a practice session of his second concert, the first place Children's Township (Pa.) Little League baseball team. Unfortunately, the Pelicans' rehearsal was marred by

at least one sore nose. "He held well enough, but his hitting is far from good," said Musician-Manager **Brundage**, after watching his son David strike out for the second time. "I think he spends too much time at home practicing on his fiddle."

Paleo-waxy old **Nikita Khrushchev** likes to show that he's everybody's friend. And how better to do it than to join his buddies in their "Gomela sports" in Yugoslavia, for instance, by snatching shouting with President Tito. In Hungary he liked with Premier **Kadar**. In Egypt he talked with President **Nasser** and last week in Sweden he was at it again. While Premier **Tage Erlander** made himself comfortable in the storm of a dinghy, the jolly Red oceanist reached for the coast and tossed 100 yards across his boat's private lake.

News-on-the-pond newspapermen and society said **Sir Frank Packer**, whose family was the most recent unsuccessful challenger for the America's Cup, if his new boat shared his enthusiasm for boats. "She doesn't know the sharp end from the blunt end," responded the 37-year-old American yachtman. "She is strictly ornamental. And," he added thoughtfully, "a very good work."

Two golfers **Jay and Edna Herbert** failed to make the cut at the U.S. Open, but they got a playful Congressional cold war in partial compensation when their namesake Representative **F. Edward Herbert** of New Orleans, invited them for a lunch in a House dining room.

In Missouri, U.S. Mrs. **Genevieve Rockefeller Dodge**, 49 days steadily pregnant, got by up \$50,000 worth of choice maternity year. Her court-appointed guardians tried to cut the bill to \$20,000 a year, but Superior Court Judge **Ward J. Herbert** ruled that the 36-year-old heiress' pet should continue to live in the style to which she has allowed them to grow accustomed.





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A fight in Sweden between boxing's forgotten men

Floyd Patterson, in near oblivion since his two fights with Sonny Liston, will be through for keeps if he loses to the 'new' Eddie Machen

The winner of the fight between Eddie Machen and Floyd Patterson in Stockholm this Sunday may be the first man to challenge Cassius Clay for the heavyweight championship. The loser, quite possibly, will never fight again, and the loser, most probably, will be Floyd Patterson. Patterson, after two brief and disastrous appearances against Sonny Liston, won a notably unimpressive victory over Sonny Aronson in Stockholm on January 6. He needs a win against Machen to prove that he is a competent enough challenger for Clay. Machen, at 34, is making a belated comeback after having been sidelined for a year by a nervous breakdown brought on in almost equal measure by financial trouble and the frustrations of a boxing career that often brought him to the brink of a championship fight without ever putting him in the ring with a champion.

As the two men prepared for the bout last week, it was Machen who seemed the more confident and in the better frame of mind. "I've been waiting seven years for Patterson," he said cheerfully. "It has been a very long time and, quite naturally, I became impatient. But I fully believe that I am ready. I have viewed several motion pictures of Patterson and of course I have seen him fight, and I am sure I can defeat him."

He was in the living room of a small suite in the comfortable Apollonia Hotel in Stockholm, where he has lived since the first of June. "Floyd said to me, I was an IBC fighter and for that reason he declined to meet me in the ring. That was when he was with Gus D'Amato, and there were quite a few IBC fighters around. At least what he called IBC, which was the same thing as good." Machen looked at his hands, inspecting carefully manicured nails. "Quite natu-

rally, I am not underestimating Floyd," he said. "He is a very good man."

Patterson is training in Ronneby, a resort town on the southern coast of Sweden, about 390 miles from Stockholm. Not far from Ronneby, in Denmark, is Elsinore, where Hamlet played out his tragedy. Elsinore would have been a good camp for Patterson. Withdrawn and introspective, he works out in a warehouse that was converted into a gym by Dan Florio, his trainer. His workouts are attended by standing-room-only crowds of Swedes who cheer every time he lays a glove on one of his sparring partners, but Patterson's face never changes expression.

One day last week he boxed three rounds, one each with Greatist Crawford, Shotgun Shelton and his brother Ray, to the intense delight of the spectators. After he had finished sparring, he punched the light bag briefly, stopping once to beckon to one of his trainers, who trotted over quickly. "Ah!" said Patterson. The trainer trotted back to his equipment bag and returned with a bicycle pump with which he inflated the punching bag a bit more. Patterson finished his workout and the crowd cheered loudly. He ducked his head in acknowledgment and left the arena, leaving said one word during the 30-odd minutes he had worked out.

"He is in a much better mood than he was before the Liston fight," insisted Dan Florio, who has been Patterson's trainer for 12 years. "I can tell by the way he works and by the way he runs. He ain't training any different, because why should he? But he is happier."

Patterson has broken his routine several times to appear in small towns around Ronneby to make luncheon talks, one of which he told the audience that he

would like to live in Sweden six months of the year after he retires. He spends some of his time looking at movies of Machen's fight with Hurricane Jackson. He has sent movies of his last fight with Ingemar Johansson and his fight with Roy Harris to the Machen camp.

"If Patterson is looking to see the same Machen as fought Jackson, he's going to be surprised," said Al Silvani, who has been training Machen since August of last year. "I been working with Eddie for a year, but I used to watch him a long time before that. I see him fight guys like Zora Folley. He stands back all the time, the jab. He don't go in underneath. I say to myself, what is this? If this has went inside, if he can be aggressive, who is going to beat him? No one, that's who."

Silvani was in the small room he occupies in the Apollonia and he got up from his chair. "He was fighting straight up with a stiff left leg," he said. "Like this." He stood up straight with a stiff left leg. "He couldn't move in and bob and weave and rip and tear underneath. You got to get down a little to do that, and you got to bend your left leg to get down. So when Walter Munkoff got Eddie's contract and asked me to train him, I was very happy to."

He sat down. "I didn't come on strong with Eddie," he said. "I had him for three months, when he was first coming back from his trouble, before he ever went into the ring with anyone. I didn't let on like I was the big man know everything. Everybody in his own mind, he is a superior person, so you don't start off by telling him, look I know everything and you don't know nothing. So I moved very gentle with Eddie and finally I says to him, 'Eddie, why don't you move in underneath and fight on the inside.' And he says to me with his own mouth, 'Al, I don't know the moves.' So I taught him the moves. I didn't change his style because he has got a good style and a great left hook, but I give him some moves so he can go underneath and become aggressive."

Silvani made Machen spar with only one glove while he was learning to hook to the body with the left and to hook off a jab. Then he took off the left glove and put one on the right hand and went over the right-hand moves.



WISKEY'S WANDER: Walter Minskoff (left) and Edie Macher helped rehabilitate Eddie Macher's business headwinds around a broken headwind (above) for his bout with Flanagan.

"It wasn't hard," Silvani explained. "Eddie's got the feet. He moves his feet good and that's where it starts. The hands follow the feet. You got to be able to move on your feet and stay on balance, and Eddie could do that. He is a good athlete."

Macher has had five fights since Minskoff and Silvani came into the picture and he has won all five by knock-

outs. "I feel better now," he said in Sweden last week. "I think better. I don't remember the bad time very well. They tell me about it, but I don't remember." Vince Corretti, who owns a car-wash business in San Francisco and 99% of Macher, is one of the people who can tell Eddie about it. "I've known Eddie 10 years," he said in Macher's dressing room at a gymnasium in Solna,

a suburb of Stockholm. "He used to come into my place, and we got to be real good friends. And then this one afternoon he comes in, he looks worried. Eddie was one of Ed Flaherty's fighters, never saw any money, got fights on too short notice, and now it is just before Christmas and I know he hasn't got any money, but I don't know how worried he is. So we talk in my office a little while. Then I get a call and I've got to go out back for a while, and when I get back to the office Eddie is gone. He went off in my car, but I always let him use it, so I don't think anything about it. There, about an hour later, I get a call and this cop says, 'Do you know Eddie Macher?' and I say, 'Yes.'" Macher had taken Corretti's white Chevrolet convertible and started for Redding, Calif., where he was raised. In the glove compartment of the car was a pistol; Corretti is a deputy sheriff with a permit to carry the gun. When the car ran out of gas, Eddie found the pistol and fired three shots out of it into an embankment beside the road, although now he doesn't remember doing that. A passing motorist heard the shots and called the police. When they arrived, Macher was sitting quietly in the car, the pistol on the seat beside him, and he told the police, "I'm thinking of taking a rest."

"They took me to Napa for observation," Macher said in Sweden. "I don't remember any of this. Some came to see me, and someone said I talked to Joe Louis and Archie Moore, but I don't remember any of it. I know I needed \$3,000 and it was Christmas time and I couldn't get it and I couldn't sleep. I couldn't sleep after they started taking care of me, either. I couldn't relax. I felt like I had to go and go. And then they gave me the electric treatment."

Macher recovered quickly from the headwinds. Walter Minskoff and his brother, who are building contractors and real estate dealers in Los Angeles and New York, bought up his contract in partnership with Corretti, and Macher's financial problems were over, since the Minskoffs pay him \$3,000 per month against his earnings. Under Silvani he gained confidence as a fighter as well. "When I was younger, I got in bad," Macher said. "I got in with some bad



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BOXING

people. There was a ring of six, and we took turns robbing places. We had . . . big silver barrel gun and people named hered it and we got caught, seven times altogether. And then Soledad, and I spent three years there." Machen was 25 when he was released from prison at Soledad, and he began fighting then. He talks frankly about prison and about his nervous breakdown. "Now I feel better and stronger and surer of myself. I am not confused."

In the heart of Stockholm, surrounded by friends and newfound well-wishers, Eddie Machen goes about his business cheerfully and calmly. "This is one I don't got to worry about," said Al Silvani. "I had Tami Mauriello, you know. A great fighter. I used to say to him, 'Tami, it ain't the punches in the ring makes a fighter punchy. It's the taps on the back from his friends, all those people hitting him on the back saying you're the greatest, buddy. When he loses, they all go away.' Lanti comes to workouts with six, eight people. I say, 'Tami, what's this? You got to work.' He says, 'Al, they're my friends.' In a little while the friends put him on the back so much he can't get his breath. But Eddie, he's been there, that ain't gonna happen to him."

But fights, of course, are won in the ring. In Romney against mediocre sporting partners. Patterson has the same Patterson. He has an unfortunate habit of planting himself flat-footed against an attack or when he is going to launch an offense. This habit cost him two knockouts at the hands of Tison and knockdowns at the hands of far less talented fighters like Ray Harris and Wete Rademacher. He has little ability to move on his feet. "He is lost from the waist up, but not from waist down," said Machen. He cannot move laterally, so that he will not be able to slide away from Machen's left hook or from his strong right hand. Patterson has quick hands and a quick head in avoiding punches, but he tends to depend too much on his hands and his head and not enough on his feet.

Finally, he has the most grievous of faults in a heavyweight: he gets knocked down. "I got a stronger head," said Machen, who has been knocked six times only once by Johnson in the first round when Machen came into the ring cold. "I got a better head. Quite naturally, you got to be a better man in the ring with a strong head."

END

Four X eight = crew of the decade

At first it seemed that no boat in the U.S. could catch up to Harvard. Then California's sturdy oarsmen rowed out of the West looking every bit as good. Now suddenly there are four crews of Olympic caliber

A crew like that comes along once in a decade," said Pennsylvania's Rowing Coach Joe Berk a month ago after watching the Harvard varsity eight pull away from every crew it rowed against. At that time most eastern coaches were inclined to agree with Berk that Harvard was the best ever—but that was before any of them had seen California.

There had, of course, been rumors from the West Coast that a remarkable boatload from the University of California had been passing Ithaca, swift and sleek as if it were diesel-powered. But it was not until California came to Syracuse, N.Y., two weeks ago and, using short, crisp strokes—39 of them each minute—rowed away from some of the best western boats in the IRA Championships on Onondaga Lake that there was reason to believe Harvard might have a real rival. To rephrase Penn's Berk, it began to seem as though crews like that come along twice in a decade and, apparently, at the same time.

Next week, as the U.S. Olympic trials get going on New York City's Pelham Bay, the experts are beginning to suspect they may have to increase their estimate of the number of Olympic-caliber crews to three or four as two sleepers from the Schuylkill River make their strength known. One of these is the veteran Vesper Boat Club—a virtually new outfit since Bill Stowe joined it at stroke. The other is Joe Berk's own extracurricular crew, the College Boat Club of Pennsylvania. This boatload, which Penn's coach has been quietly marshaling on the banks of the Schuylkill since early spring, has consistently beaten his college crew by about three lengths over the Olympic distance—a margin, Berk notes happily, exactly equal to that by which Harvard beat Pennsylvania in the Adams Cup race.

The dozen other boats involved in the trials may just as well stay home. When the trials are over, one of the four just listed will certainly have proved itself

the authentic best of the decade and be on its way to Tokyo. Which one it will be, not even Joe Berk dares say. "Flip a coin," he suggested the other day. "They're all that good." And because they are that good, the United States probably will win back in Tokyo the place it lost in 1960 as the top rowing country in the world.

For 40 years betting against an American eight-oared crew in Olympic competition was like betting against the Yankees, but as Robert Haerri, former assistant to the president at Columbia and an old crew ball, points out, the natural by-product of success is complacency. That complacency was shattered in Rome, when Germany's Rotenburg Rowing Club accused America's entry—a much-lauded Navy crew. This was followed by a series of similar calamities as American crews faced other European competition. After the initial shock wore off, U.S. coaches began to study the new rigs, subtle tactics and high-speed rowing of the foreign crews. It was a type of rowing that had the old-school hampering in their alumni dinner soup. But while they hampered, coaches like Harvard's Harry Parker, Penn's Berk and California's Jim Lammson were sending to England and Germany for shroud pins, and



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ROWING *continued*

indoctrinating their oarsmen in the theory of the high stroke. As Harrison notes, a new philosophy of simple speed and endurance, that had already been put to good use by middle-distance runners, was absolutely necessary.

"Pursue strategy in a 2,000-meter race is for the birds," Harrison says. "You row as high and fast as you can without losing control of blades, power and slides. Then you row even faster." For the crews that used this tactic, the effect was startling.

Bark, the most ardent proponent of this exciting approach, was unable to use it with his Pennsylvania crew simply because it was too difficult for them. But Bark knows oarsmen who had learned his shells in recent years and had the strength and skill to master it. Club crews are often scoffed at by the college crowd, which feels that any new crew worth its salt must be rock-deep at six. But the men who have won seats in Bark's club boat are not old oolypus taking an occasional spin up the Schuylkill for exercise. They are, for the most part, the cream of Bark's Pennsylvania 1959. And though they are now professionally involved in soldering, teaching and other vocations, they are more mature, stronger and more poised than the college boys and—according to Bark—"deadly serious."

California's often inscrutable Jim Lennen is a coach equally anxious to redress U.S. honor at Tokyo. "Damn it all, why don't you writers stop calling our style European," he snapped at reporters in a fit of patriotic fervor last week. "Call it the Joe Bark style. He's been using it for years."

Lennen hasn't been so poised since 1966, a year his California crew came East to annihilate the IRA hold—which may argue well for California. That year, Lennen's crew lost out in the Olympic trials to Navy, a boat they had already beaten more than once.

Smaller than the football types, but Lennen usually brings two, the current California crew is modeled in style and build even closer to the Hatzichargers than Harvard, though Lennen insists that he has never seen the German row. The new crop of Californians lacks the elegant precision displayed by Harvard, spearing over the last 900 meters in the IRA at 41 strokes a minute; they looked to observers like men frantically warding off a swarm of angry wasps, but

the observers also noticed that the team's gold-tipped blades were not just making passes at the surface of Greenough Lake, as many oars do when swept too fast. They were digging in deep and crisp. "Any boat that can row 41 strokes a minute—and with power—doesn't need practice," said one coach. "No need is a finish line."

While California was starting the East at Greenough, Harvard was off at New London rowing its private and one-sided race against world adversary Yale over a four-mile course—a course more than twice as long as the Olympic 2,000-meter. Could they get in shape for this long race and then get back in trim for the shorter distance? The answer, from an oarsman's authority, Bob Harner, was a resounding yes. "The oolypus Hays put under its boat and the long blades on the four-mile course," he says. "Now here goes this. Common crew crew more power, striking rhythm and condition."

Once in the Yale race Harvard introduced a "big twenty"—20 power strokes designed to pull a boat away from an opponent in the heart of a race. Usually a crew will use 10 such strokes. The fact that Harvard used twice that number, and twice in the same race, gives some indication what it is capable of. "We had to profit from it," Harvard's coach says. "We adjusted very well to the longer distance and we didn't lose any speed." A relaxed, eager crew, the Harvard oarsmen themselves are confident of beating the California boat, not in spite of the four-mile race but because of it. As rival Joe Bark said recently, "Remember, a changed pace usually helps any athlete. You can go state form during the same thing over and over."

All year long, Harvard's most effective play has been to jump away to a quick lead. In a 2,000-meter race, the result is often determined right there. "But we got away faster against Yale than we did at the Eastern Springs," said Parker, "which pleases me greatly." This kind of start will be invaluable against California, which also habitually gets off to a quick start.

For those who like to find the key to the future in subtler ways, the most significant signpost may lie in the fact that at Red Trip, Harvard's famed crew training headquarters in New London, the battle cry—for the first time in 113 years of Harvard rowing—is no longer "Beat Yale!" It is "Win the Olympics!" ■■■

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GEORGE AND HIS BUDDIES

■ Top row (left to right): with Randolph Scott, Willie Mays, Gary Piller, Tom Harmon and the Duke of Windsor.

■ Second row: with Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Jim Garner, Arnold Palmer and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

■ Third row: with Wilt Chamberlain, Willie Shoemaker, Eddie Arcaro, Frank Sinatra and Jack Nicklaus.

■ Fourth row: with Lonnie Furman, Bob Hope, Jayne Mansfield, Johnny Weissmuller and George Gobel.

■ Bottom row: with Walter Winchell, Ray Ryan, Jimmy Demara and Rodger Ward.



The ebullient man at left setting all these celebrities at ease is George Lutz, an ever-present but still mysterious figure on the pro golf tour who has conquered two of life's sterner challenges—how to survive lavishly without working and how to putt by DAN JENKINS

A HIGH KIND OF LOW LIFE

In professional tournament golf the clubhouse seranda can be a noteworthy blend of rustic seat, wax museum, promenade deck, theater wings and courthouse steps. As the tour moves from one Crystal Rancho Happy Avocado Creek Country Club to another, the serandas undergo some severe botanical changes—for example, palm trees become pines and vice versa—but the human plant life remains practically changeless. Except for the occasional intrusion of a spectator, fully equipped with binoculars, periscope, chair seat, transistor and hot dog, and the almost insurmountable presence of at least one young girl in Capri pants beneath a large straw bonnet, the regular seranda standers comprise a remarkably homogeneous and identifiable part of golf. They are the in-group, style-casual, up-scale, hanging-in, cooling-it businessmen of the game. And as they spread across the lawn, gazing toward the nearest leader board while a tournament progresses, they are not unlike a cluster of military commanders watching the glow of shellfire from a distant valley.

To almost anyone who knows the difference between a Black Dot and a Titterton, the faces of these fringe personalities look as familiar as casual water, but only the true insider will be able to identify them by name, to know that the stocky, pink-faced man in the dark suit with his hands folded behind him, the

one telling Sam Snead stories, is Fred Corstan, Snead's lifelong agent; to know that the tall, blond fellow talking to Winnie Palmer is Mark McCormack, the Cleveland lawyer and agent for golf's Big Three; to know J. Edwin Carter of the *World Series of Golf*; Bob Buckley, the Brunswick-MacGregor vice-president; Ernie Sabatyrac, the golf equipment distributor; Bob Drum, the freelance promoter; Jim Gaglian, the PGA tournament manager. And it takes an insider, too, to know the name that goes with the most familiar face of them all, the one belonging to a man called Bubble Head, a man who is always there and is never doing anything.

On or off the verandas, the man with the nickname that annoys him is George Low—stand-around champion of two decades, America's guest, comedian, consultant, insurer of the overlapping grip for a beer can and, of forensics importance, a man who has conquered the two hardest things in life—how to putt (better than anyone else ever) and how to live luxuriously without an income.

For nearly 20 years George Low has been the vaguest, most mysterious figure in all of golf. Usually decorated in a plaid jacket, his tall (6 feet 2), heavy (230 pounds) figure and his solemn, deeply tanned, immovable countenance have been seen around tournaments for so long that in those rare instances when he is not present sponsors have a tendency to get unsettled. When the Western Open was held at the Field Club in Pittsburgh in 1959, George did not reveal himself until the final round. A friend on the committee scolded him about being tardy and giving the event a bad name, George said, "Well, you got to understand that a man who don't have to be back to his office for 30 years is sometimes gonna be late."

The only office that George Low has ever really had is the trunk of someone's automobile, which, if he borrows it for long, begins to look like a rummage sale of golf clubs, clothes and photo albums. For most of his 32 years George's home has been a convertible couch in a friend's living room, a rollaway bed in a friend's hotel room or, when he's "going good," the vacant wing of a friend's mansion.

But always these places have been where the sunshine is. If that does not always turn out to be the PGA tour, it quite often will be Palm Springs, Calif., Phoenix, Ariz. or Miami Springs, Fla.

"Wherever," says George, "some rich guy's got a bed and a kind heart. Everybody ain't an if-comes," that being a George Low expression, borrowed from the language of the dice tables, to describe someone who takes somewhere between phony and stings. "I got to be where it's warm," says George. "Because I can't afford no overcoat."

If a person is "straight," which is to George a man who manages to hold down a steady, respectable job, it may seem that Low's existence is mostly a matter of survival. But he has never thought of it quite that way. On the contrary, George has always lived comfortably, and often far better than almost any "straight" who rides a commuter train or even purchases clubhouse badges for everyone in his factory.

The main reason why George Low has been able to survive in reasonable splendor is that he has one of those personalities that appeal to gentleness of means. He has a sense of humor that makes him one of the great put-down artists of his age, an unobtrusive manner for being

"around" and not bothering anyone and a crushing basic honesty, all of which can add up to good company. Aside from these things, George knows as much about golf as anyone, and a lot of gentlemen of means like to play golf, apparently while being put down unobtrusively, honestly and without being unduly bothered.

Among the celebrities who have demonstrated that they enjoy George's company, and have therefore been his happy hosts, are, just to touch on four different sports, Jimmy Demaret, Willie Shoemaker ("the best little man who ever played the game"), Horace Stoneham, the owner of the San Francisco Giants, and Del Miller, one of the biggest men in harness racing. George has Nasomered with Stoneham near Phoenix, he has Christmased with Demaret in Houston and he has weekayed with Shoemaker. Miller and many other people while wandering off from his "steady job" on the golf tour. Paul Grossinger, of the resort that that name in the Catskills, is the man who nicknamed George "America's guest," and then, of course, provided a "freebie," or free room, Bob Johnson, when he was president of Roosevelt Raceway outside New York City, said it perfectly for all of George's hosts.

HOW GEORGE LOW HITS HIS PUTTS

George Low considers himself golf's greatest putter, and he most likely is. He is not keen on giving out details about his system—not for free, at least—but he will offer some advice. "Everybody has a different putting problem," he says, yet there are certain basics.

"In putting, the best thing you can have is a quick left wrist. That makes you take the club head back on the inside. Most of your weight ought to be on the left foot for good balance. Another important thing is to keep both thumbs squarely on the grip for the right feel."

"The feel of the club may be the most important thing of all. When you reach in your pocket for a coin, the last thing that touches the coin is your thumb. You use it to roll out the coin. It's the most sensitive finger. That's why you grip the putter with both thumbs on top of the handle."

"After you get the feel of the club,

the thing to do is be sure you get a good, solid rap on the ball when you put it. And there's only one way to be sure of doing that. Take the club back on the inside—like opening a door—and then forward. When you open a door, you take it back slow. When you close the door, that is the way the putter should meet the ball."

"The worst way for the beginner to put is to jab at the ball. You'll see some of the pros jab it because they get on so many bad greens. Then there are a couple of them that jab on any green. Billy Casper is a jabber and so is Bob Rosburg, and they are pretty good putters. But there are exceptions to everything. Besides, they jab the same way every time, which is the real key to putting, anyhow. Consistency. That's why I'm gonna beat everybody. I'm gonna hit it the same way every time, and they're not. And if we putt long enough for the ball to score off, I got to be the winner."

one evening when Low left asking Johnson for another \$100 to buy drinks for everyone at a Palm Springs party. "Just associating with George Low," said Johnson, "is better than having a Dun & Bradstreet rating."

Obsessive was especially pleasant for George just last winter. Says George: "Me and Rosburg [Bob] was in at Julie London's in Palm Springs for me." And he adds, "You can't beat that price. Bobby Troup, her husband, is a friend of Rosburg and let him in, and I let myself in."

All of this helps make absolutely clear George's uncomplicated philosophy of life, or rather his blueprint for leading a life of ease. "There ain't no point loafing with a broke, because nothing falls off," he says. "The substitute I pick up a check is to hand it to somebody." This, for George, sharply divides the world into two distinct categories of people: those who "come up," or, put it this way, those who "plead the Fifth" when the subpoena comes.

Since everyone who knows George knows him well enough to keep his pocketbook either handy or hidden, there are fewer any surprises or embarrassing situations. If George comes along, you prepare to pay or you prepare to leave. "It's an honor to pick up my check," says George. "How many true celebrities do you know? Anyhow, if you plead the Fifth, I'll go find a live one."

If a man has a reputation for being anything less than a wild spender, George Low will playfully put him down publicly as a "careful student of the dollar," which, for one example, is the way he likes to describe Sam Snead. "When I dine with Mr. Snead he always suggests that I order as if I was expecting to pay for it myself," says George. "There are many great destroyers of money, but Mr. Snead is not one of them."

Bundling on a veranda with Low at a tournament is stimulating. If one of the players on the tour stands by, say, Al Beverink, and needles him with something like, "Loan me 30, Bubble," the general Low reply will be, "That's like serving lettuce by rabbit." If another player comes along, say Billy Maxwell, and says, "I wish I had your energy,"

George may say, "I wish I had a rock in each hand so I could throw 'em at you."

Not all of George's remarks are directed at the players. If the tournament chairman happens along and wonders about the size of the gallery, George will cheer him up by remarking, "I seen more people on the back of a motorcycle." Once when Bing Crosby told Low that he could get him a room at the Del Monte Lodge during the Crosby tournament at a good rate, George said, "Thanks a lot. Can I loan you a dime to mark your golf ball?" Watching the scoreboard in front of the Desert Inn at Las Vegas two years ago, George noticed that Arnold Palmer had just shot a 9, a 7 and a 5 on successive holes. He turned quietly to Wilbur Clark, part owner of the Desert Inn, and said, "That's 21, pay him." Outside the Augusta National clubhouse last April during the Masters, Low called over to UPI Columnist Oscar Fraley, with whom he strays arguing, and said, "I hear you didn't start no fight last night. Where'd you stay, in a room full of mirrors?" And once when someone asked George how he enjoyed sharing a hotel room with a newspaperman in Philadelphia, Low quipped, "It's O.K. if you don't mind taking a shower with your money in your hand."

George Low may not have been born funny, but he insists that he was born "incredibly lary." That even occurred on July 5, 1912, not 300 yards from the pro shop at Baltusrol Golf Club in Springfield, N.J. "I like to say I was born in the 19th hole—the only one I ever punted," says George. He was the son of a famous Scot, George Low Sr., who had been runner-up for the U.S. Open Championship in 1899 and became the resident professional at Baltusrol. As one of those Scots who came to America to teach the game to an intrigued continent, George Low Sr. had among his pupils a couple of White House victors named William Howard Taft and Warren G. Harding. "There were poor guys all around Baltusrol," says George. "The Toppings and then kind of charity cases. That's where my career got its start. Jimmy Demarest says that I was born retired."

Despite the fact that George was

Continued



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LOW'S HIGH LIFE

tained beside a first tee, he did not try to learn the game until he was 15. "And that was after the old man retired and took me back to Scotland. What else you gonna do in Scotland besides glass golf? Wear a skirt?"

George tried to fight it, but there were two things he came by as naturally as his wit, and they were a natural golf swing and an inherent feeling for the game. These things continued, unopposed, probably to bring George back to the U.S. in the early '30s for a series of jobs as an assistant pro and, finally, onto the burgeoning PGA tournament circuit.

"I'd like to win these tournaments," says George. "But it was too much for in the old days. Card games all through the night during a tournament. Patch and bridge, that kind of thing. A lot of characters like Demarest, Henry, Thompson, Leo Diegel, Craig Wood and that Indian." Which was K. Laffoon. "Only man ever to beat me into something on the putting green," George says. It was during the old North and South Open at Pinehurst around 1940. Low and Laffoon forgot the tournament proper; something George did regularly, and got into a putting game. "We went at it all day and into the night," Low remembers. "I should have known I was in trouble when we ran outa daylight. Laffoon was a Indian and he couldn't see in the dark. I didn't get put in that box no more."

George also made a feeble attempt to win the British Open in 1939, hoping to redeem himself for the last time he had played on his father's native soil (when he lost 8-7 to a crowd-favored player in a British boys' championship in Edinburgh and was so disgusted with himself that he burned his clubs out on the train window). In '39 George sailed with Johnny Ballou on the Transatlantic to England. Always hopelessly outmatched, George got into a high-stakes game of shuffleboard on the ship, which delayed his arrival for the Open. Says George, "I lost so much money I had to go to Perthshire instead of St. Andrews and bowl on the green. Shuffleboard is some game. My bartender looked like a elephant sleep on it when that earl or

count or whatever he was got through with me. It took me three weeks bowling on the green to get even. By that time I didn't have any practice for the British Open. I think I missed the cut—if I showed up at all. I forget. In those days me and Haffner [Clayton] had a bad habit of being with him."

If there is one thing about sadists George about the town today it is the absence of small characters. "Know what they got out here today?" George asks. "Authors and haberdashers. All you got to do to write a book is win a tournament. All of a sudden you're telling everybody where the V's oughta point. There that don't win—they're haberdashers. They sell a few pairs of pants in the pro shop and win a couple of rubens from some members, so right away they're on the tour. Ballou couldn't win if they had Dick Busby for a manager." And George means, "You think there's any of them that know how to do more with a club in the workshop than bend it until it looks like a boomerang? Not many. I done some work for them, but there's not one that'd give the ducks a drink if they owned Lake Mead. They'll pop for the hand shake, but those I got plenty of."

One of George Low's last flings as an active tournament player came in 1943, and history relates that he went out beautifully. Among the remarkable facts of golf is that George helped end the unbelievable winning streak of Byron Nelson. It happened in the Memphis Open that summer. Nelson, after winning 11 straight tournaments, finished behind Amateur Freddie Haas Jr. (who shot 280) and George Low (who shot 276). "Haas win the tournament but I got the freak money," says George. Shortly after that merger of gloom, George returned to the putting greens.

So many legends and half-truths have been written, spoken and whispered about George Low's remarkable putting ability, he probably ought to be a folk song. There are wild tales of George putting with a rake, a shovel, a pool cue or a frozen hunkle and defeating an



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opponent who was using a legsternum club. There are stories of George kicking a ball with his foot and ailing five out of nine holes in one round on the practice green. Other stories hint that George has given putting "secrets" to people like Arnold Palmer, Bing Crosby and Willie May that have enabled them in certain moments to display divine touches on the greens. And there are stories that in the old days George took so much money away from the room champions in monthly putting games that tournaments were over that, as George might say, "I should've been given a spending ticket, I win so fast."

George only writes when he hears the stories. "They get started because I lose good," says George. "I spend \$50,000 a year of my friends' money, that's all. Oh, there are some things that I could get into some kind of jackpot by talking about, so I won't talk. Sure, I can kick the ball with my foot and get it down in two from anywhere. Like at Vegas this year, I'm walking around with Winger [Bo] in a practice round, and he throws down a ball 75 feet from the cup on 16 and says three ones of four to two I can't get it down in two. So I bet him. I kicked it two inches from the pin, I can also beat you putting even if I use a wedge. ["Don't ever try him," warns Byron Nelson.] And I shall have to admit in all modesty that I am still probably the greatest putter in the world. At least I'll try anybody for a nominal fee. That's because I've done more of it than anybody. Back in Scotland where we moved to [Kilnornie], there was a 36-hole putting green right outside the house, and I putted for three or four years before I even played golf. I've always been able to do things with my hands. Then when I quit playing the tour, I just putted. I can beat any of these guys on the tour because they have to worry about getting to the green at the time. I'm already there."

While George is a proven master of putting, he prefers to demonstrate one's notion that he has developed an secret about it, or is the only human who has ever learned how to stroke a ball prop-

erly. Still, when Arnold Palmer won his second Masters championship in 1960, George Low's name burst into print as some sort of weird genius of the greens—and all because of a comment Arnold made. That year Palmer took dramatic birdie putts on the last two holes to win; already he had become a marvel at long putts and fast finishes. At Augusta, Arnold said, "The only thing I did on these last two putts was keep thinking what my friend, George Low, always says, 'Keep your head down and don't move.'" With that exposure, George Low was suddenly more than a mystery man and began being sought out and much by sports writers around the country.

"Well," George would tell them, "it's like the doctor who sits and strokes at the patient, and then hands him some sugar pills. The guy thinks he's got a miracle drug. If I ever helped Arnold, it was only with his confidence."

Nevertheless, George Low's small but impressive notoriety resulted in a George Low mallet-head putter being introduced on the equipment market—the putter with the ball-in-tee!—and one year later, when Gary Player won the 1961 Masters using that brand of putter, it looked as if George could not prevent himself from making some money, no matter how hard he might try to get out of it.

"I was lucky," George says, with more than a trace of his usual sarcasm. "It went so well they [the Sportsman's Golf Corporation of Chicago] fired me." Then he adds: "It's O.K., though. You get money in your pockets, it takes away the challenge of where you gonna sleep."

A George Low putter (there will be another group of models on the market soon, distributed by Elite Sports Inc.) is one thing, and a George Low putting a golf ball is another. Given a choice, any king-suffering victim of the greens would most likely rather buy George's advice than a putter. "But you ain't in on a hammer," Low says. "You got to experience something." He translates into, "Bring your waffer."

There is one recent change in the life that George Low leads as he follows the pro golf tour with occasional side trips to Saratoga, Santa Anna and other

Continued

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LOW'S HIGH LIFE —continued—

recreational habitats—and that is that he is guaranteed 60 places to sleep a year. Those overnight havens are available to George through the courtesy of Ramada Inns, Inc., which lists its facilities as a sort of posh self-catering service, specifically in charge of guiding the pros, or any roomless veranda wanderers, to its inlets across the land. The motel chain also furnishes George with a Cadillac ("The only Cadillac in the press parking lot. I'll guarantee you," says George) that has become even more cluttered than any he would own.

When the deal was first made three years ago, George was worried how it might affect his life. "It didn't feel right," he says. "Something was missing, the daily challenge that I'd grown used to. The challenge of whether I'd be able to beat Frank Stranahan's record, lose it to some guy in a week day, and maybe have to sleep in the park. But it ain't bad. Squaring games on time. Besides, there's not always a Ramada Inn handy, and I get chances to call on my natural resources."

George also still gets to call on his natural resources for his clothes and shoes. Fingering a handsome plaid sport coat not long ago, he said, "Why you think I'm friends with Joe DiMaggio, a guy who runs more golf courses than China, he has reason for it. He wears no size." Lifting up one foot in a rare explosion of energy and modeling a \$65 alligator shoe, he said, "I'm a test pilot for Foot-Joy. I test their shoes to see if standing on them for long periods of time in a bar brings them any serious harm. What affect spilling beer on them has, I ain't bought a shoe in 10 years." Displaying a leather, Western-styled, camouflage-drawn chamois, George said, "Bob Goldwater [brother of Barry] came up with this. Ain't no it-come about him."

George, affected by the prosperity of his 60 motel rooms ("automotive"), has even developed the habit of turning down invitations. Not often. But sometimes. When Fred Hewkins asked George if he would like to step into a clubhouse and have lunch recently, the answer was, "Thanks, but I'm saving you for something bigger."

There have even been—said to relate—

—continued—



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LOW'S HIGH LIFE continued

times when George has resorted to putting up himself. A night ago, it happened, and a good chunk went to a good chunk more. But—and you'll never catch me repeating that anybody's in the Bell But I range, he was intrigued by an old acquaintance. "Thou art identified yourself as Madman Morris, a car salesman from Tampa." "Assured to see you, Madman," said Madman. "Where you been? I been all over. Pensacola, Miami and all. How come I didn't see you in Pensacola?"

"Madman," said George, "you either got to shut up or aware the financial obligation, I got my own list to tell."

"Madman kept talking. Some good to see you, George. I knew this guy 30 years..."

"How you gonna sit down and buy something, Madman," George said, "as are you just gonna stand there looking like an employable be?"

By then George Low had forgotten the point of the story he was telling and so, as Madman kept talking, George emphatically pushed the chair and went to eat vegetables.

There are also occasions when George Low can respond to actually to play a roundtable. Madman's, this is not a game. George, in fact, is serious with money and only interested in the game. "Give me a multimillionaire with a bad back-lying, and I can have a very pleasant afternoon," he says. "Yes, a multimillionaire."

One such afternoon occurred not so many winters ago at the Bermuda Club Course in Palm Beach, Fla. George was playing with the Duke of Windsor and the late Robert R. Young, the railroad magnate. George's father was kind to him that day, as it usually is when something more than laughs is involved. When the round was over there was a small matter of \$800 concerning the Duke and George, but the Duke had not yet "come up." There was an awkward pause around the 18th green and George, with his weight and cleared his throat.

"Oh," said Young, directly to George. "I should have mentioned that His Royal Highness never pays money."

"Mr. Young," said George, "you take care of your railroad and I'll take care of my clubs."

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE Fans in Boston were enjoying themselves so much last week it was painful. As the Orioles (6-1) rallied for three runs to defeat the Yankees in one game, a 30-year-old Baltimore fan applauded until she knocked her shoulder out of joint. There was good reason for her hysteria. Only the night before, in Orioles' home, second runs with two out in the eighth to encounter a 7-2 Yankee lead and began a three-game sweep over the defending champs. Leading the attack was Doug Piskalis (.440), with dual seven-homer runs and 31 RBIs, and Brooks Robinson, who continued his strong hitting. New York (14-4) took the opposition in Baltimore lightly. After running their winning streak over the White Sox to 10 straight and taking the league lead, the Yankees lost four in a row and slid to second. To be so, Manager Joe Torre and his players smiled confidently, saying they weren't back. It was a peaceful outlook. For Detroit. Despite a winning record (14-2), strong hitting from Caliber Bill Fanehan (.381) and excellent pitching from Dave Wickard, the Tigers dropped to eighth place. In Minnesota (14-4), Tommy C. Griffith publicly bawled out his team for sloppy play and instituted a tough system of fines for infractions on and off the field. C.Griffith's blast was supposedly not directed at Manager Sam Rice, but the local press was already taking healthy swipes at Sam's direction. For Chicago (5-5) anything should have been a relief after the Yankees left town, but the White Sox continued to flounder. The starting pitchers were still impressive, with a 2.15 ERA, but the hitting failed in the clutch and the Sox suffered all five losses by two runs or less. Kevin's C's new manager, Mel McGaha, truthfully expressed what his was with the C's. After winning eight of their first 10 games under McGaha, the Athletics over-

did an absolute last week, long-term of me. Both patients went to rookie John O'Donoghue by 2-1 scores. O'Donoghue was on the mound when the A's stopped the Angels at 10:17. If the Angels had won 11 straight, a nervous Bob Beckley was two games, and so did rookie Robert Herb 2-0. It was a dismal week for Cleveland (3-4). As the Indians dropped 56 games out of first, they also heard that star Steve Bancroft May, Miss 100 BA, with 1 HRs and 7 RBIs was suffering from spinal meningitis and would be out at least a month. Batters (7-1) fell deeper into the second division, with only Dave Nix's game-winning, two-out, first-of-the-ninth pinch home run producing any joy. Moments later, 12 straight, into the Angels and Orioles at the same time. Manager Earl Hines had to use 19 pitchers in the five losses, during which the Senators hit well but left 32 runs on base.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Jerry Lynch, the most successful pinch hitter in baseball, found the show on the other foot. Playing regularly for the improved Pittsburgh Pirates (51-21), Lynch was formerly listed by a pinch hitter last Saturday and scratched for replacement, Manny Mota, slug a game-winning two-run homer. The victory kept the Bucs steady in third place, close behind the Phillies. Most responsible for the Pirates' strong June surge has been the NL's Rookie, Mota. In 14, suffering three of these six losses to the Phillies, the Mexican hit two key runs against Pittsburgh to 0-6, and 2-11 for the season. The only game the Mota was against Montreal (12-5), when they scored eight runs, in one inning, six of them off a viewing Warner Bros. hit. The Braves, now in sixth place, hit and scored well, but the pitching was awful. The flailing Los Angeles Dodgers (3-14) capitalized on that bad pitching, scoring 22 runs, three times

against the Braves. The Dodgers' attack inspired as Frank Howard bled three home runs and Tommy Davis (3 RBIs) began lighting the way. Tommy Davis should be the New Francisco Giant? (I) handed the Dodgers three of their losses, with Del Crandall (3 RBIs) driving in the winning run in a 13-inning 2-1 win. Manager Alvin Dark's pitching staff, led by Juan Marichal's two national league (NL) shutouts, 14-inning performance against the Reds, brought the Giants' market value percentage down to just 100 percent (5.7) managed to stay just ahead of San Francisco with some standard pitching by Ray Kops, who threw a one-hitter against the Cubs, and 100-point left Rick Wise. Rickie Allen, the Phillies' rookie first baseman, was the key batter, hitting 411 with eight RBIs. For the first time since early April, the Cincinnati Reds (5.7) moved into the first division. Lefts Dick Dwyer (12) shut out the Phillies in five hits and was declared that he was going to throw Umpire Al Barkley for calling a "perfect game." While Chicago moved up, (6.2) moved down. The Reds barely held fourth place after losing six of eight. The pitching was good, but the Reds' hitters scored only two runs per game and hit .226. Carl Sawamura continued to dominate the Phillies with 14th victory in 16 decisions since joining the St. Louis Cardinals (13.3) in 1960. Lack of effective relief pitching and power (just 2 RBIs) scuttled out big works for Dick Groat (421) and Bill White (440). The odds finally caught up with Houston's (5.4) Dick Farrell, whose seven-game winning streak was halted by Chicago. Farrell allowed only two runs in one of his better performances of the year, but lost 2-1. Young left-handed Rusty Staub provided Houston's best hitting performance with a 4-for-4 day against Milwaukee, including two home runs off Harvey



Received 20 July 2006; accepted 11 September 2006

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

the lack of the Los Angeles Angels' success was partly paid for by the American League, and their money was used for other things, which they benefited. After all, they had a pitcher playing right now and batting second. But on August 16, the Angels won 11 straight games and a championship in 1996. The pitcher? Not a star, but the star of the day, and that is what he is likely to stay. His name is Willie Sober. "Wonderful Willie" in Los Angeles, and he has been there for more than 20 years. Willie Sober is 30 years old, 6'2", 170 lbs, and has a 27-10 record in 1996. He is a right-handed pitcher. The next night he has a great record, and the next night he has a great record.

[illegible]

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GLORY AND GDO

Sirs:

I was horrified to see in *John Underwood's* article on Tom O'Hara (*Rising As Such Sweet Toward*, June 22) that Tom had given away the secret of America's sudden breakthrough in all distances from 1,500 meters to the marathon. Herb Elliott had his sand dunes; Tom O'Hara has his peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

As long as O'Hara himself has let the cat out of the bag, and in the interest of continued world improvement in distance running, I suppose I might as well release the secret formula:

Select two pieces of bread, whole wheat preferred. Smother one slice thoroughly with butter. Cover the remaining slice with a layer of peanut butter one-quarter inch deep. Use only old-fashioned, oily peanut butter. Hydrogenated peanut butter is *deja vu*. Cover the first slice of bread with gooey jelly, preferably black raspberry preserves. Slip the two slices of bread together. Do not eat the bread!

This sandwich must be manched down in large gulps, preferably with a glass of milk. Use the tongue to quickly police up any jelly that seeps out from between the bread. This develops the speed necessary for 55-second last quarters.

With this nutritious formula practically anyone can become a *four-minute* miler. It also helps, however, if you run 120 to 140 miles a week.

HAL HEDDER

Michigan City, Ind.

Sirs:

As a nondescript high school miler, I was so impressed and inspired by Mr. Underwood's article that I put on my own suit and ran two miles as soon as I finished reading it—11:58 p.m.

GREG HEDDER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

John Underwood's truly excellent article on Tom O'Hara showed that the rule was, as always will be the glory, glory and got race.

STEPHEN E. KAPLAN

Detroit

Sirs:

John Underwood stated that either Tom O'Hara or Dwyer Burleson is the best miler in the world today. Perhaps a word of caution should be injected about a miler named Peter Snell.

Remember how Herb Elliott was counted

out before the 1959 Olympics? Married, not training, no desire. Well, he ran away from the field in the 1,500 meters and, in the process, set a world record that still stands—even in this day of tape riders.

Don't cross Snell off the list yet!

BRECK H. DOUGL

East Spouse, N.Y.

COURAGE AND BEAUTY

Sirs:

Alfred Wright's realistic and sympathetic account of Ken Venturi's comeback victory in the U.S. Open was as daring as Venturi's brilliant performance itself. ("Poor Ken" *Alfred Wright*, June 29). Seldom have the "losers" of the sporting world been given such good cause to take heart.

Less daring, however, was your picture of Ken's wife Conni, whom Wright calls "one of the beauties among the golfers' wives." Surely, if Mrs. Venturi is really all he says, you can give us better evidence of the fact than that.

PETER SANTO

New York City

• See below.—ED.



Sirs:

As I watched Golfer Ken Venturi struggle up to the 18th green at the U.S. Open tournament all I could think of were the two words that Tony Lora used in the March 30 issue of *SI* (*Bubbles and Tea that Burst*) to describe his admiration of Venturi's courage. "He fights," Tony said.

MICHAEL M. TULL

New York City

ON THE MAP

Sirs:

The Last Memoirs of Touring (June 22) by Robert Cantwell brought back more nostalgic and happy memories to me than any of your historical pieces in recent years. I will remember the red, white and blue signs of the old Lincoln Highway and various other identifying marks used to keep tourists on a given course in the mud-road days of early Iowa motoring. I will remember asking my civil-engineer father, when the time came to put numbers on roads, why they used numbers instead of names. His answer was that a few years back they had lost a couple of them and decided that the only way to keep track of the roads was with numbers.

It is too bad, however, that such a perceptive author as Mr. Cantwell has been victimized by one of those nefarious map-makers who slipped in a thief catcher on him. ("Seven Springs Norwegian Museum" in Decatur, Iowa never has existed; I doubt that it ever will. We in Decatur are very proud of the beautiful Seven Springs Fish Hatchery, and we are likewise justly proud of our Norwegian Museum, which contains many artifacts of the Norwegian background of the community. It didn't take me long to find that the culprit that deceived Mr. Cantwell was Rand McNally. Perhaps someday the mapmakers will correct these small discrepancies and note instead the spot on Route Boulevard where William Allen had his inspiration.

JOHN S. SPEDDATT

Decatur, Iowa

Sirs:

I cannot begin to tell you with what nostalgia I read Robert Cantwell's history of the road map and my husband's part in it. It all seems so long ago—when Bill and I were enthusiastic motorists, even with acetylene lights, mirrors to be cranked and taps to be raised when the rains came.

His idea of a map of Allegheny County (Pa.) came after we were lost in the hills above Sewickley. The next morning the idea was put into production.

I am deeply grateful to you for recognizing his gift to all motorists.

MRS. WILLIAM B. ACKS

Oakland, Fla.

Sirs:

For some years prior to 1944, which is the year in which Mr. Allen had his "great idea," there was published in this country a series of books called the Automobile Blue Books, which were regarded as author-

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18TH HOLE continued

use road guides for every section of the United States. These books came in blue leather covers and showed, in exhaustive detail, hundreds of thousands of miles of road, with every possible diversion for the tourist, including maps. The company that published them, the Automobile Blue Book Publishing Co., of which my late father was the head at the time, maintained, both in New York and Chicago, a number of road cars consisting of a driver and an assistant, who covered these roads in detail, making note of all changes in landmarks, distances, road repairs, etc. These books also carried considerable advertising from hotels and resorts along individual routes.

The Blue Books were, for a long time, extremely profitable and sold in great numbers. However, the introduction of the free road maps by the various oil companies, plus the greatly increased clarity of road markings by the individual states and communities, gradually caused them to decrease in appeal, and the company finally ceased publication about 1917.

HAROLD B. HOLZ

New York City

ONE WOMAN'S WORLD

Sirs:

All superlatives are inadequate in praising SI for the tribute to Gladys Heldman, publisher etc. of *World Tennis* (*Business Week* is a *Boys' Club*, June 22). Every tennis player and fan recognizes this rare, wonderful lady as having personally contributed more to tennis than any other individual in any single sport. My personal vote goes to Gladys Heldman for the presidency of the U.S.A. or the U.S.T.A., whichever position she would accept. She would carry out either job magnificently.

JOHN B. McFARLIN

San Antonio

Sirs:

Either Julius Heldman has been holding out on you, or you have been holding out on your readers. He was involved in one of the finest standing events in tennis history, but you failed to mention it.

In the quarter-final round of the National Indoor Championship (the exact date was Feb. 21, 1958) a weekend player crowding 40 played Barry MacKay, the 11th-ranking player of the United States, aged 22. The younger man was a giant with a crushing serve, and it looked for all the world like David and Goliath.

But the little fellow won 6-3, 2-6, 6-4, to the amusement, if not stupefaction, of the gallery and the world. The victory came about through no physical impairment of the loser, who two days later (with Grant Golden) won the indoor doubles championship of the U.S.

There have been occasions when the ques-

tion has arisen as to whether he is Gladys' husband or the is Juli's wife. There is plenty of evidence to support either view.

JERRY SCHILLER

Brookline, Mass.

SECOND CASE

Sirs:

Thanks to Mark Kizen for a wonderful story on our wonderful John Wyatt (*The Study in the Smoke for the Green Goose*, June 22). To date he's won four games and saved 14 others, which is really remarkable. John is a true All-Star even if he does wear the colors of a low-price scamp.

DAVE ROSENTHAL

Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs:

Mark Kizen has done the impossible. He has discovered the American League's answer to our Mens, and he has found a man who can converse with Casey Stengel: John Wyatt. Despite all the efforts of Mr. Finley, Kansas City, with the help of players like Wyatt, might just be shaking an interesting ball club on its own.

MICHAEL DUNLAP

Mansueton, N.Y.

HEART OF THE MATTER

Sirs:

I noted with pleasure your mention of the recent golf match involving Dwight D. Eisenhower, Arnold Palmer, Ray Belger and Jimmy Dornant (Prove, June 8). The pleasure, however, was somewhat dimmed by the fact that no mention was made of the Heart Association of Southeastern Pennsylvania, for whose benefit the match was played. You might at least have mentioned that Mr. Eisenhower's last words before leaving the golf course were: "Don't forget the Heart Fund."

OSWELL HOWARD, M.D.

Philadelphia

PUFF OVER A PUFF

Sirs:

Concerning John Romero's article, *A Judge's Report* (June 22), I am the guy who was the other judge in the Griffith-Rodriguez fight. Since my everyday occupation is on the bench, where I make decisions every few minutes, I wasn't anywhere near as nervous as Romero, and, in fact, it's a relief to know that in calling a fight, right or wrong, there is no higher court to reverse me.

Romero is a wonderful fellow, an outstanding fight judge and a good friend, but what did he mean by "tossing District Judge David Zenoff puffed in the door"? I am a luke, hearty, tennis-and-golf-playing 48 and I can run the 100 against 35-year-old John Romero—and the editor of SI—any time!

DAVID ZENOFF

District Judge

Las Vegas



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